The Outlook

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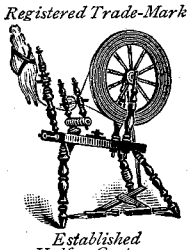

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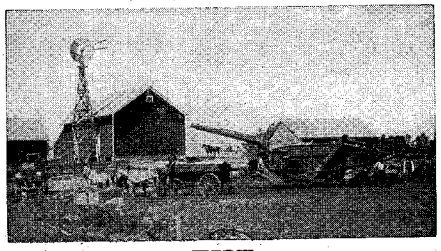

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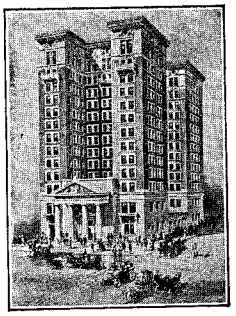

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The Outlook

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1906

❀

An American Kishinev

The city of Atlanta, Georgia, was disgraced on Saturday and Sunday by riots of white men against the negro population. Temporarily civilization was suspended. For brutality and wanton cruelty and fiendish rage and indiscriminate savagery one would have to turn to accounts of massacres in Russia or Turkey for a parallel. Ten negroes are known to have been killed; how many more can only be surmised. The known deaths of white people are said to have been not more than two. The wounded, some of them injured mortally, are reported to number seven score or more. No one, not even those in the city itself, has any means of knowing what all the casualties have amounted to. The riots are a culmination of conditions in Atlanta which have been growing for weeks more and more tense. The recent campaign for the Governorship raised the race issue to undue prominence. At the same time, in Atlanta, unprotected white women have suffered at the hands of several negro brutes. The race feeling, which is acuter in Atlanta than in almost any other Southern city, has been inflamed by these occurrences. In particular, one newspaper, the Atlanta News, has deliberately and continually roused race hatred and rancor. On Friday a negro assailant was on trial, when the father of the injured girl asked the Recorder's permission to let him deal with the negro before him with his own hands. An outbreak was threatened and barely averted there in open court. On the same day another negro, held on the charge of attempting the same offense, was almost lynched in front of the police barracks. On Saturday the late editions of the evening papers announced the commission of three more such crimes by negroes. Immediately the cry against the negroes was raised in the streets; mobs of white men gathered; negroes fled the streets. Wherever a colored man was seen he was attacked. The mobs closed in upon the trolley-cars and dragged the colored passengers, unprepared for the onslaught, from their seats. A riotous crowd broke into a shop where there were two negro barbers, beat them to death and mangled their bodies. One negro was killed in the shadow of a monument; another was stabbed to death on the post-office steps. The Governor mobilized the militia, but the mobs, taking it for granted that the militiamen were in sympathy with them, showed little fear of the soldiers. The Mayor of the city remonstrated with the rioters, but with little result. He called out the fire department, which cleared the streets by turning the hose on the mobs. But this only resulted in diverting the riot from one place in the city to another. Only a rain on Sunday dampened the ardor of the rioters. Order was outwardly restored by Sunday evening, but even thereafter negroes were killed. Even though the riot differed from the Russian variety in that it was not instigated and abetted by the Government and the military, it brings nothing but shame to this Nation. The thoughtful people of Atlanta are of course aroused in condemnation of this outbreak. They feel the humiliation that has befallen their city. Some three hundred prominent men assembled in mass-meeting to consider the emergency. They denounced the yellow journalism which brought it about, and urged the closing up of the low dives and the putting of a greater restriction upon all saloons. Atlanta is not a typical Southern city, and this outbreak ought

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not to be regarded as typical of the South. Nevertheless there are other places in the South where a similar anti-negro riot might at any time take place. We hope that the governing powers of Atlanta will first see to it that mob violence is repressed with a strong hand, and that those who incited it as well as those who led it are indicted and punished; then that some thorough method of dealing with negro crime is adopted. Not only is such a mob as that wicked—it is futile. In controlling lawless blacks the appeal to terror has consistently been vain. As the article on another page, "The City Within the City," indicates, the colored population in all parts of the land has been too much herded, good and bad together. Some way must be found by which the energies of the colored people themselves can be enlisted in the control of the lawless members of the race. It is about time that Americans learned the folly of attempting government by murder.

❀

American Mediation in Cuba

The critical political condition in Cuba changed very little throughout last week. Secretary Taft, with the patience and calmness that have in other difficult situations made him so effective and so thoroughly trusted, has held both semi-public and confidential interviews with President Palma and members of his Cabinet, with political leaders of all shades of opinion, and with representatives of American business interests in Cuba—interests, by the way, which are estimated by Mr. Atherton Brownell in an article in the current "Appleton's Magazine" at $159,500,000. At first some difficulty was found in getting at the real center of the trouble because the commanders of the insurgents in arms were not easy to find, and, despite the more or less official truce existing in the military field, could hardly be invited to visit Havana, while the avowed leaders of the Liberal party, however much they might sympathize with the insurrection, could not openly avow direct connection with it. Later, however, it was announced that Liberals and insurgents had agreed upon and empowered a committee to represent them before the American mediators, and this week will probably see something definite proposed in the way of a compromise agreement between Liberals and Moderates. The plan most talked of last week was: the resignation of President Palma, a new election to be held under the auspices of United States commissioners, and the positive pledge by all parties and leaders to abide faithfully by the result and to guarantee a permanent peace. Secretary Taft and Mr. Bacon have very plainly made it understood that nothing less than a peace which shall be permanent will satisfy the American Government and American sentiment. Both in Cuba and in the United States absolute confidence prevails that our mediators in Cuba will carry out to the letter and in the spirit President Roosevelt's injunction that "there shall be an immediate cessation of hostilities and some arrangement which will secure the permanent pacification of the island," and that they will equally bear in mind his hope that Cuba may be able to preserve its integrity as a republic and to know and practice orderly liberty. American marines have been landed at Cienfuegos for the specific purpose of guarding certain American property; they have not been again landed at Havana because there was not evident any danger in that city to American property. If the obstinacy and folly of Cuban leaders shall make armed intervention necessary, there are now nine American war-ships on the Cuban coast, with a large enough force to make occupation of the capital feasible; American troops are available and can be landed at short notice; while General Funston, who has been sent to Cuba primarily as an aid to Secretary Taft, and because of his intimate knowledge of Cuban affairs and Cuban character, would doubtless be ready to take charge of any military situation that might arise. If no satisfactory propositions of compromise are put forward by the opposing leaders, it is rumored that Secretary Taft will himself set forth a plan of conciliation before recommending to the United States the last possible resort, namely, armed intervention.

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Mr. Churchill's Virtual Victory

The nomination of Mr. Charles M. Floyd as the Republican candidate for the Governorship of New Hampshire was brought about by the not unexpected coalition against Mr. Winston Churchill of all the forces in support of the other candidates. When Mr. Churchill entered the field, early in July, three men had been canvassing for the nomination for about a year. While continuing to contend against one another, these three candidates for the nomination regarded Mr. Churchill's canvass as intrusive, and therefore they formed a common bond of hostility toward him. Mr. Churchill's platform, moreover, aroused the antagonism of the railroad machine which has dominated the politics of the State. It was inevitable that, if Mr. Churchill's candidacy should become formidable, the other candidates and the railroad machine would at the critical moment combine. Mr. Churchill's nomination therefore depended upon his ability to overcome such a combination. Even as late as August it was not believed by the forces hostile to Mr. Churchill that his candidacy would become formidable; it was even predicted at that time by the most astute of the machine managers that Mr. Churchill would not receive over twenty votes in the Convention. As a matter of fact, however, on the eighth ballot in the Convention he had just one less than fifteen times that number of votes, and was the leading candidate. He had entered the Convention with 157 votes and had gained steadily throughout the balloting. At this juncture the hostile forces combined on Mr. Floyd, and by the narrow margin of eight votes secured for him the nomination. Mr. Churchill, however, has not been defeated, for he was not fighting a personal battle, but was contending for a set of principles. His personal triumph was remarkable, for he had a lead over all the other candidates singly; but still more remarkable and significant was the fact that he committed all of his adversaries and the Republican party of the State to the principles for which he had contended. The platform adopted by the Convention before the nomination urged the abolition of all railroad passes except to "railroad offices and employees, persons in charge of mail and express, and persons in misfortune who are unable to pay their fare," thus striking at one great, if not the chief, source of railroad influence in politics; it urged the adoption of a more direct and popular form of primaries, thus advocating the simplification of the political machinery which it has been to the interest of the railroad influence to keep complicated; it urged or demanded the reform of the legislative lobby, thus aiming a blow at the instrument which the railroad influence has used; and it distinctly raised the issue of making the railroad commissioners, and other State officers who are now appointed, elective officers. All the candidates and their supporters assented to the platform before it was submitted to the Convention; the Convention then adopted it unanimously; the nominee has positively and explicitly indorsed it. To Mr. Churchill should be given credit for this result. Moreover, public opinion has by his campaign been aroused in favor of these principles as never before in the history of the State; and the Lincoln Republican Club, organized for the purpose of promoting them, will continue in existence. Mr. Churchill has resisted great pressure from Independent and Democratic sources to lead an independent movement. He and his followers are abiding loyally by the verdict of the Convention, and with new prestige are now bent upon working out the reforms to which their party is now pledged. The platform recommended "to the Republicans of the various Senatorial districts, towns, and wards of the State, the selection of candidates for the Legislature in thorough sympathy with the declarations of this platform." The influence of the Lincoln Republican Club will be used to seeing that this recommendation is followed.

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The Rebellion Against Machine Rule

Such interest, not to say excitement, over party primaries as was exhibited over those held on Tuesday of last week in the city of New York has not been in evidence in

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the State for years. In both the Republican and Democratic parties the struggle between factions has been bitter. In the Republican party the faction led by Mr. Odell, ex-Governor of the State, Chairman of the Republican State Committee, and supplanter of Senator Platt as the State boss, with a local leader by the name of Quigg as his lieutenant for the county of New York, was opposed by Mr. Herbert Parsons, Chairman of the Republican Committee for the County of New York, who represented that form of Republicanism which is most widely associated with the name of President Roosevelt. In the Democratic party in the city of New York the struggle has been between two factions in Tammany Hall. One, led by the party boss, Mr. Murphy, is generally understood to be in alliance with Mr. Hearst, Mayor McClellan's opponent in the last mayoralty election and the informal nominee of the Independence League for the Governorship; the other faction represents the more reputable elements in the party, and is virtually under the leadership of Mayor McClellan, who has announced himself as in favor of Mr. Jerome's nomination. The result of the primary proved the growth of independent voting in the State. The Republican boss and his lieutenants were routed. No one in the State expects Mr. Odell to retrieve his lost prestige. In the Democratic primaries the result was more confused. The faction represented by Mayor McClellan and Mr. Jerome was more successful than its opponents expected. There are a great many people, however, who believe that Mr. Murphy's nominal victory cannot be attributed solely to political overlordship; they regard his success rather as due to the fact that he was acute enough to see within his party a popular demand for Mr. Hearst and the measures Mr. Hearst advocates. State conventions of the Republican and Democratic parties meet this week on the same day at Saratoga and Buffalo. The result of these conventions, reached too late to be reported in this issue, will bring to a culmination a struggle in each party which will determine the political future for some time of the largest and richest State of the Union, and will have unquestioned influence upon Federal politics.

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In Philadelphia Philadelphia is in the midst of another dramatic political contest, involving, in a way, the issues and results of the past year, and repeating some of the most exciting features of the famous events of 1905. For months past there has been a vigorous contest going on within the City party for the District Attorneyship nomination. Frederick J. Shoyer, who had been Director of Supplies under Mayor Weaver, resigned his office to engage upon an active canvass. He went vigorously at work, and, at first with the tacit and later with the avowed support of Mayor Weaver, made rapid headway. He had made a good record while in office, and this helped him. He also gained prestige by his unrelenting attacks upon those who were suspected of using the City party for ulterior and improper purposes. The candidacy of D. Clarence Gibboney, a Deputy Sheriff, and for years the fighting and effective Secretary of the Law and Order Society, was launched by some enthusiastic young men and old-time reformers. Mr. Gibboney took no part in the canvass, which made little headway until he was indorsed by a very large number of clergymen (over three hundred) and by a very largely attended town-meeting held in the Academy of Music. After Mr. Shoyer's candidacy was openly approved of by Mayor Weaver, the rumors and charges multiplied that patronage and the administration's influence were being used to advance his cause. Mr. Gibboney's campaign grew in popularity, but it did not make rapid headway until, so it is alleged and undenied, those who had been friendly with the Mayor but had recently left his support came to Mr. Gibboney's side. This action was taken, so Mayor Weaver affirms, to humiliate him. Gibboney was one of the most objectionable men in Philadelphia to the Mayor because of his connection with ministerial meetings held early in 1905, before the break with the organization, in which the Mayor was

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made the object of prayer in a way that was obnoxious to him. Gibboney's popularity, his enthusiastic support by the ministers and old-line reformers, and by the practical politicians who had forsaken the Mayor, all combined to make him a strong candidate, but when the City party Convention met on September 18 the issue was in doubt. After a seven-hour session Mr. Gibboney won by a few votes (a change of thirteen votes would have changed the result). All the papers, with the exception of the two Republican organization papers and an independent afternoon paper, had supported Mr. Gibboney and were greatly elated over the result that the City party had met the just expectations of the community and had opened the way for a conclusive reform triumph in November.

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Mayor Weaver and the City Party

That there would be some bitterness because of the defeat of Shoyer was to be expected, but it took a form little anticipated. Two days after the Convention Mayor Weaver declared:

> I think that a machine that is protected by the newspapers is far more dangerous than the most corrupt organization with the newspapers against it. The methods in that Convention were much worse than the methods of the old gang.
>
> I want to say that I am as much opposed to a corrupt machine in its incipiency as I am to one that is gray with age. It seems, notwithstanding the fight I have made for eighteen months against a corrupt machine, that a more powerful and worse one has arisen in its place.
>
> Until the recess was had in that Convention Mr. Shoyer had a majority of the delegates. Why, then, was that adjournment forced? Why, then, was the Committee on Contests sent four squares away to meet when the witnesses were right there on the Convention floor? It was during that recess that the work of changing delegates was done. Bribery was openly practiced. No old gang methods could have been worse.

This charge of bribery made by no less a personage than the chief magistrate of the city could not be evaded or slightly passed over, and the reconvened City party Convention appointed a committee to investigate the charges. In the meantime Gibboney was not idle. He made a dramatic contribution to the situation in the form of a letter to the Mayor, in which he demanded that the charges be established by proof, in which event, he, Gibboney, would decline the nomination. The Mayor's reply was in the form of a letter accompanied by eighteen affidavits alleging bribery or attempted bribery. This letter has been made the basis of the investigation. It, moreover, immediately brought about Mr. Gibboney's declination of the City party nomination (although he is still the nominee of the Democrats, Prohibitionists, and Lincoln party). "I cannot accept," he said, "a nomination the integrity of which is questioned even in part. Though but a single vote for me was shown to have been corruptly procured, I should decline to accept a nomination thus tainted. My action cannot depend upon the findings of the committee, and I shall not await the result of their investigation." The Mayor, feeling that his administration was not altogether loyal to him in the crisis, has already requested the resignation of one member of his Cabinet, the Director of Public Safety, and rumors are abundant that other changes are likely to be made in the immediate future.

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Chicago's Municipal Ownership Law Held Valid

In the first legal battle over its municipal ownership law Chicago has come off victorious. Judge Windes, of the Circuit Court, on Saturday of last week declared the Mueller Law to be constitutional, and the ordinance of the City Council passed thereunder to be legal. The case will be appealed to the Supreme Court of Illinois at once, and a final decision is confidently expected before the close of the present calendar year. Judge Windes's opinion is well reasoned, and the hope is expressed that the Supreme Court will sustain his decision. The law was subjected to many attacks by the attorneys for the opposition. Some years ago the Supreme Court of Michigan held invalid a law authorizing Detroit to municipalize the street railway system running partly within and partly without the corporate limits of the city, on the ground that it violated the provision of the Constitution forbidding the

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State to engage in the work of internal improvements. The Court ruled that the State was making the city the agent to do something that it was forbidden to do itself. But for this decision Detroit, under the leadership of Governor Pingree, would have been the first city in the United States to own and operate its street railways. With this Michigan decision in mind, the critics of the Chicago law hoped to overthrow the act as contrary to public policy. Judge Windes ruled that no provision of the Illinois Constitution was contravened, and that the Legislature was the judge of the public policy of the State. The crucial feature of the litigation was the validity of the certificate feature of the Mueller Law, under which the city is authorized to issue certificates payable only out of the street railway revenues, these certificates not to be otherwise a debt of the municipality. Judge Windes ruled that the certificates do not constitute a debt of the city, strictly speaking, and hence can be issued in disregard of the constitutional limitation on municipal indebtedness. If this provision of the Mueller Law is sustained by the Supreme Court, a way will be open for the financing of municipal projects without encroaching upon the city's debt limit, which in the case of Chicago has already been reached.

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Policy-holders' Nominations for Insurance Trustees

The nominations for members of the boards of trustees of the New York and Mutual Life Insurance Companies in opposition to the administration tickets were made last week. In the case of the New York Life the International Policy-holders' Committee filed a ticket bearing the names of prominent business men and financiers from many parts of the country. Among them are Frederic R. Coudert, a member of the firm of Coudert Brothers, international lawyers; William F. Draper, formerly Ambassador to Italy; Horace White, formerly editor of the New York Evening Post; J. S. Harwood-Banner, a member of the British Parliament; and Leopold Mabilleau, a member of the French Institute. A committee to receive proxies was named, composed of Richard Olney, of Boston, Charles Emory Smith, of Philadelphia, and H. N. Higinbotham, of Chicago. For the board of the Mutual two tickets were presented, one by the International Policy-holders' Committee and the Mutual Life Policy-holders' Association, acting together, the other by a group of two hundred policy-holders. The fusion ticket is similar in character to the committee's ticket for the New York Life. Among the names on it are those of James N. Adam, Mayor of Bufffalo; S. S. McClure, publisher of McClure's Magazine; James D. Phelan, ex-Mayor of San Francisco; Lord St. Oswald, of London, and Pierre Baudin, of Paris, representing the English and French policy-holders respectively. The members of the proxy committee are Benjamin F. Tracy, of New York, Bernard N. Baker, of Baltimore, and A. M. Shook, of Nashville. The third ticket is headed by the name of Charles E. Hughes, who acted as counsel for the Armstrong Committee. It is reported that Mr. Hughes's name was used without his knowledge, and that he has said that he will decline to serve if elected. The remainder of the ticket is composed of fifteen names taken from the administration ticket, about the same number from the fusion ticket, and the names of the Superintendents of the Mutual's foreign and domestic agencies. The personnel of both the administration and opposition tickets in the case of each of the companies seems to The Outlook to be of a high order throughout. The issue in the election is between a group of men whose qualifications are their personal character and ability, and another group who possess these qualifications in equal measure combined with practical knowledge and experience of the insurance business. In this connection it must be remembered that the present administrations are not identical in membership or methods with the old corrupt administrations. The Outlook remains firm in its opinion that the interests of the policy-holders will be best served at this time by virtually continuing in office the present administrations rather than by intrusting the direction of so great and so complex a business to untried hands.

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Charles D. McIver In the group of men who must be counted among the real leaders of the South of to-day, Dr. Charles D. McIver, who died suddenly on a train in North Carolina last week, held a foremost position. Born in Moore County, North Carolina, a descendant of Scotch Presbyterians, his pluck, indomitable energy, and practical sagacity bore witness to the strain in his blood. The University of North Carolina, on its beautiful eminence on College Hill, was his Alma Mater, as it was of a number of the leaders of the new educational movement, among them Dr. Alderman, now President of the University of Virginia. Dr. McIver went at once from college into educational work. He assisted in the organization of the public school systems of Winston and Durham in his native State; in 1886 he joined the faculty of Peace Institute, in Raleigh; from 1889 to 1892 he was State Conductor of Teachers' Institutes in nearly all parts of his State. He was one of the group of young men upon whose souls the illiteracy of North Carolina lay like a weight, and who responded to the silent appeal of the uneducated with the passion and fervor of religious enthusiasm. These young men entered upon an educational campaign which must be regarded as one of the most interesting and picturesque incidents in the educational history of the country, though to the campaigners it was chiefly hard work, rude fare, and a tremendous exercise of will power to overcome the deep-seated animosity of the audiences they addressed to the payment of taxes for the support of schools. In season and out of season Dr. McIver spoke in all parts of his State, and when the movement took organic form his services and ability were recognized by official position. He was Superintendent of Normal Schools, President of the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly, and Chairman of the Committee which secured the appropriation for the State Normal and Industrial College, of which he became later the head. When the Southern Education Board was organized, he became a member, and as field agent in North Carolina his advocacy was characterized by energy, courage, wit, humor, and a passionate interest in his cause. He was an advocate of equal education for the white and black, and this broad and humane policy, with a generous provision from taxation for educational purposes, has now been substantially accepted as the result of the splendid campaign made by this group of men. Dr. McIver died in his early prime, but he had lived long enough to see the South aglow with enthusiasm for education, and the Summer School at Knoxville become one of the most impressive educational assemblages ever seen in this country. Dr. McIver had served as President of the Southern Education Board, and was a member of the Council of the National Educational Association.

❀

Robert R. Hitt By the death of Robert R. Hitt Congress loses an efficient statesman and notable personality. Like his friend, the late John Hay, though in less degree, Mr. Hitt was in himself an interesting and stimulating character. His political life was also distinguished by an abstention from the vulgarer political contests, and he, too, represented a rich fund of reminiscence from close association with Lincoln, Grant, Garfield, Blaine, McKinley, Reed, and other men who have left an impress upon our history. Mr. Hitt was born in Urbana, Ohio. When he was three years old, his family moved to Mount Morris, Illinois, his home for the remainder of his life. He was educated at Rock River Seminary, now Mount Morris College, founded by his father, and at De Pauw University. While at the seminary he studied stenography and became a master of it. Stenographers were rare in those days, and young Hitt easily secured a position on the Chicago Tribune, then the one great Republican organ in the West, becoming its "star" reporter, and, as such, assigned to take down the memorable debates between Lincoln and Douglas. The "Rail-Splitter" and the 'Little Giant" were candidates for the United States Senate, and were canvassing Illinois. The addresses of that canvass, which made Lincoln a National character and vitally contributed to his selection as

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President, owed their permanent form to Mr. Hitt's notes. Lincoln was not unaware of the importance of those speeches in bringing him before the American people, and would never begin speaking until Mr. Hitt was ready with pencil and note-book. After working with Secretary Stanton and on the Indian, Santo Domingo, and Ku Klux Investigating Commissions, Mr. Hitt was appointed by President Grant Secretary of Legation at Paris, and continued in that position seven years—a period crowded with interesting events. He returned to this country to accept President Garfield's offer of the position of Assistant Secretary of State under Blaine. The following year he was elected a member of the House of Representatives, since which time he had succeeded himself with each term. Throughout his Congressional career Mr. Hitt was conspicuous in the discussion of international questions, and as Chairman of the House Committee of Foreign Affairs was justly regarded, independently of party, as a shrewd diplomatic authority. He influenced the improvement of our diplomatic service. Largely through his efforts, trouble with Mexico was averted in 1886; during the Spanish War period he was President McKinley's special and constant aid; had his counsels been followed, extreme anti-Chinese legislation would not have been enacted. He was an advocate of reciprocity with Canada and with the Latin-American countries. If efficiency and merit had counted, Mr. Hitt would long ago have been promoted to the Senate. In 1904 his name was prominently mentioned in connection with the Vice-Presidency. Washington will long miss the wiry, alert figure, the keen eyes and kindly smile of one who, by generous hospitality, an engaging personality, broad experience, and real statesmanship, had won the friendship and confidence of all.

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Home Economics

While scientific methods have for many years been applied with marked success in the United States to manufactures, education, and agriculture, it is only comparatively recently that public attention has been directed to the necessity of giving a scientific training to home-makers and housekeepers. Everybody recognizes that the home is the fundamental basis of our National life, and yet the kitchens and diet of the Nation have been and still are administered, in spite of cooking schools and dietary chemistry, in an extraordinarily haphazard fashion. There are indications, however, that the average housewife has in a measure withdrawn her previous opposition to the study of household conditions from a scientific standpoint. One of these significant indications is found in the Lake Placid Conference, which has just closed its eighth annual session at the Lake Placid Club in the Adirondacks. The Conference was started in 1899 by Mr. Melvil Dewey, then State Librarian of New York, and Mrs. Dewey, as an informal discussion among ten people specially impressed with the need and lack of scientific training for the solution of home problems. The Conference has grown into an important annual meeting, its purpose being the sociologic study of both the educational and economic phases of the home. The scientific status of the Conference was shown in the session held during last week, not only by the participation of such original investigators as Professor Irving Fisher, of Yale, and Dr. F. G. Benedict, of Wesleyan (who carries on the researches begun by Professor Atwater), but by the statistics of the progress of scientific home study throughout the country, as reported to the Conference by Dr. Langworthy, of the Department of Agriculture, and Mr. Maurice Le Bosquet, of the American School of Household Economics. Chicago, Wisconsin, Tennessee, Toronto, Yale, Wesleyan, and Cornell Universities, the Teachers College of New York, McDonald Institute of Guelph, Ontario, the Hartford School of Pedagogy, and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology were represented by members, and the more important subjects presented included: The ethical and practical relation of trade schools for girls to home and educational training; What the government may do in disseminating information concerning domestic and dietary economics; and The place

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in higher education of the subjects comprised in scientific housekeeping. The effect of the intelligent discussion of such subjects is appearing in the growing number of colleges and universities that are adding home economics to their courses, and in the development and improvement of such courses already established.

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The Hongkong Typhoon

Whether considered with reference to loss of life or destruction of property, the disaster at Hongkong on Tuesday of last week was one of the most appalling of modern times, and all the more terrible because it could neither be foreseen nor averted by human wisdom. It is reported that probably five thousand people perished, while the damage done to property, chiefly to vessels, may amount to $20,000,000. The storm was of a local nature, and not long before it struck the port with incredible violence the weather observatory had issued a prediction of "moderate winds." After two hours of raging the typhoon disappeared as suddenly as it came, leaving the wharves and near-by coast strewn with the wrecks. Eleven large ships were sunk, thirty-five seriously damaged, while innumerable small craft—junks and sampans mostly—had disappeared. On these small craft it is the custom for Chinese boatmen to live with their families, and thousands perished or are now homeless. For several days arriving vessels reported scores of losses of ships at sea and brought in survivors. The storm that occasioned all this destruction was undoubtedly a typhoon, which is defined by scientists as a special kind of cyclonic storm or hurricane peculiar to the seas east of Asia. They usually originate far out in the ocean between the latitude of Manila and the equator, and move northwestward toward the Asian coast. There they seem to be deflected along the line of the shore. While these typhoons are even more violent than the West Indian hurricanes, they follow certain general laws of progress, varying in their direction and intensity according to the season of the year, and, as a rule, it is possible to note their rise and to issue warnings to sailors. The more severe the storm, however, the less likely is it to be observed in time to be of service to navigators. Hongkong, from its situation, is particularly exposed to typhoons. It is a place of great importance to international commerce; has an English, American, and European population of about 10,000 and a native population of nearly 250,000; and, as our readers will remember, is a British possession and has been for fifty years or more.

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The Berlin Exposition of 1912

The announcement from Berlin that the Government has decided to hold a great International Exposition in that city in 1912 is interesting from several points of view. In the first place, the fair, it is announced, will be planned on an imperial scale that will surpass all previous expositions, whether those of London, Paris, Vienna, Chicago, or St. Louis. In all World's Fairs in recent years Germany has been noted for its magnificent displays, and, naturally, an exposition in Berlin may be expected to be on a proportionately elaborate and magnificent scale, commensurate with Germany's commanding place in international affairs. That the Fair will be planned with German thoroughness and carried out in every detail with the military-like precision and punctuality characteristic of Germany's exhibits in other World's Fairs may be assumed as a preliminary, and, with the Kaiser personally supervising the plans and general details, it may also be assumed that when the Exposition of 1912 opens, at the hour and day advertised six years in advance, the exhibition itself will be found fitly representative of the Empire, and worthy also of what it is now confidently expected in Germany will six years hence be the Continent's first capital in population, commerce, and political importance. Germany's purpose also of holding an international exposition may be said to be a refutation of the frequent assertion that World's Fairs are now out of date and that public interest will not henceforth warrant such immense but temporary displays. Paris, it will be noted,

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holds an exposition practically every decade, and these have done much to make that city the pleasure capital of Europe and to familiarize to the rest of the world the attractions of the gay city on the Seine. This, however, is not the only or perhaps even the chief benefit of such expositions. That of Chicago, for instance, may be said to have wakened the entire Mississippi valley to the beauties of architectural art and the wonders of science and invention. It gave an impetus to the Central West that has benefited the whole country, just as the expositions of Paris, "the mother of expositions," may be said to have deepened and strengthened the hold of that city upon the world's arts, industries, and inventions. Such events are a challenge to the invention, the imagination, and the artistic faculties of all men of genius in all countries participating in them. They break the mere monotony of money making and getting, and give whole masses of the population, whose sensibilities are slow to awaken, ideas of grandeur and beauty, and help them to realize the part which they ought to play and the influence which they might exert in the progress of humanity.

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Finland's Parliament

When, in 1809, Alexander I. of Russia wrested Finland from Sweden, he confirmed the Finns in the independent administration of their internal affairs, a pledge renewed by each of his successors. The union between Russia and Finland resembled that between England and Canada. Six years ago, however, a policy of Russification was begun by a series of edicts, each of which violated Finland's ancient constitutional rights. The compulsory teaching of Russian in the public schools was established, and that language was gradually introduced into all Government offices—this in a land where hardly any one speaks Russian. The right of public meeting was suppressed, as well as the expression of the popular will in the press; even the catalogues of the Helsingfors Public Library were reviewed by the censor. The Finns were forced into compulsory service in the Russian army for five years, and the privilege previously possessed by them whereby their regiments were required to serve only in Finland was abolished. Furthermore, the Governor-General was now empowered to dismiss, without the legal trial hitherto necessary, any official who had not been appointed directly by the Czar. The result was what might have been expected. Thousands of Finns emigrated, and those who remained were not always kept within bounds; meanwhile Russian officials were displacing the natives throughout the Grand Duchy. By the great strike a year ago the Finns won back their freedom without unnecessary bloodshed. They wrested from the Emperor an edict convoking them in a constituent assembly to elaborate a new parliament on the basis of universal suffrage, making the local authorities responsible to the nation's representatives, providing for liberty of association, meeting, and of the press, promising no further changes by Russia in Finland's laws without the concurrence of the Finnish representatives, and bestowing the right of determining the legality of all governmental procedure. Thus out of chaos has now come order. The four-chambered Finnish Parliament, formed by the Swedes in 1772, and consisting of four estates, nobles, clergy, burghers, and peasants, passed out of existence last week when the Constituent Assembly terminated its labors. Following an impressive service at the cathedral, Governor-General Gerard read the Emperor's address, in which Nicholas II. expressed satisfaction that his Finnish subjects had performed their task with knowledge, calmness, and impartiality. Replying, the presidents of the four estates voiced the unanimous wish that the Emperor, as Grand Duke of Finland, should honor the new Parliament's first session by opening it in person; according to the new constitution, the sessions are to be opened either by the Emperor or by his deputy, who will submit the imperial programme for legislation, covering all subjects except those included in the Constitution and the organization of the land and sea defenses. The new Parliament is to consist of one chamber only. As announced, it is to have two hundred

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members, elected for three years, suffrage being granted to all adults twenty-four years old, regardless of sex, public charges and criminals being excluded. The sessions are to last ninety days; the first begins February 1, 1907. The Parliament is to elect its own president and vice-president, who must swear to protect the rights both of the Emperor and of Parliament. The sessions are to be public, and both the Finnish and the Swedish language may be used in debates. Last week's event, therefore, marks a notable date both in parliamentary history and in the annals of the country of Finland.

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Santo Domingo's Debts

Señor Velasquez, the Dominican Minister of Finance, and his attorneys, Messrs. Stetson, Jennings, and Russell, have outlined provisions which it is expected will be incorporated into a treaty between the United States and the Dominican Republic. It is announced that by the proposed new agreement there will be an elimination of any provision that this country should adjudicate and actually pay the Dominican republic's foreign indebtedness. The United States will not be asked to act as Santo Domingo's financial agent in full capacity, but will be asked to administer the Dominican customs and to apply the receipts therefrom to the service of a loan, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to adjusting the valid and established obligation of the republic upon a reasonable basis. In other words, instead of asking the United States both to supervise the adjustment of the debt and to administer the customs, it will itself seek to arrive at a fair adjustment with its creditors, and thereafter ask the United States to administer its customs for the benefit alike of the creditors and the republic. New York City bankers have engaged to purchase upon favorable terms to the republic an issue of $20,000,000 of five per cent. sinking fund gold bonds, subject to the conditions and to be devoted to the purposes above stated. Such a plan incorporated in a treaty would have a serious claim to be ratified by the Senate.

The Courts and the Criminal

Has the technical procedure of American courts become a refuge of the criminal? This is the question which is discussed *pro* and *con* by several correspondents on another page. The discussion was aroused by Judge Charles F. Amidon's article on the subject, published in The Outlook several weeks ago, and by several editorial articles.

At the risk of turning somewhat aside from the main question, we wish to call our readers' attention to three points made by Mr. Moore and the anonymous writer, who argue in the negative. The first of these points is made by Mr. Moore. He says that one new trial per year for every million of inhabitants is granted by courts of last resort, and concludes, therefore, that there is no great evil in criminal legal procedure. In contrast may be placed this simple statement, made by Dean Pound before the American Bar Association: "In the State courts, the proportion of new trials to causes reviewed, as ascertained from investigation of the five last volumes of each series of the National Reporter system, runs over forty per cent." But even if Mr. Moore's figures are accepted as correct and typical, they do not sustain his conclusion. New trials are granted not only by courts of last resort, but also by intermediate courts. Reversals and delays, moreover, are as comforting to the criminal classes as new trials. And, still further, many cases are never prosecuted at all, because similar cases have failed on technicalities; this fact is, of course, a source from which criminals, big and little, derive the greatest comfort.

The second of the three points is made by both Mr. Moore and the unnamed writer. They each cite a case in which an innocent person, or one believed to be innocent, was convicted through some mistake, and somehow conclude, therefore, that there is not a dangerous number of appeals, reversals, and new trials allowed in America on mere technicalities. Each of these cases, however, simply illustrates the fact that juries

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may believe the testimony of witnesses who are mistaken, and that prejudice is sometimes demonstrable, as it seems to have been in both of these cases. Against this position neither Judge Amidon nor The Outlook has taken any stand.

The third point, made by the anonymous writer, seems to be that because accused persons are frequently browbeaten and unfairly treated, they should have as compensation the advantage of mere technicalities. The answer to that is plain: One wrong is never righted by the perpetration of another wrong. If the poor man, when accused, is not given a fair chance, the remedy lies in reforming the methods of the police and of prosecuting officers.

As so much of the argument presented in opposition to the reform of criminal procedure seems thus to be beside the point, we put the issue once more. In American criminal courts, whenever error is found, unless it is positively proved that prejudice does not exist, prejudice will be presumed. In other words, every convicted criminal can take advantage of every technical error of the court, no matter how slight or unimportant, unless the community can affirmatively prove that it did not work any detriment to the prisoner. The question is this: Are the criminals of America, rich and poor, murderers, thieves, embezzlers, train-wreckers, assailants of women and little children, entitled to this privilege? Are those accused of crime and wrongly convicted entitled to this privilege? Jurists of the highest standing, judges of the Supreme Court, lawyers of experience and ability, agree in asserting that no one is entitled to such a privilege as that.

What a boon this privilege conveys to criminals may be gathered from two recent cases. One of these, a murder case in Alabama, was cited in the New York Law Journal last week. The "defendant," as the court admits, "killed the deceased by cutting him with a knife." Yet the conviction of the prisoner was reversed. Why? Because it was shown that the prisoner was not guilty? or that some error in the trial was clearly detrimental to the prisoner? Not at all. Simply because a witness was allowed to include in her testimony the statement that after it was found that the defendant was cut, "the people around there hallooed: 'Police! police! murder! murder! police! police!'" The court, ruling as to the admission of this testimony, decided that "its tendency was to unduly prejudice the minds of the jury." The other case, reported in the Detroit Free Press, is that of a man convicted of killing his brother-in-law, but released on appeal. Was the prisoner proved to be innocent? Not at all. The judge before whom the man was tried discharged two juries after what the Supreme Court considered an inadequate effort to get them to agree. The Supreme Court in handing down its decision declares, "It is unfortunate that the respondent shall escape punishment for his crime." It is such cases as these that are creating not only among the common people but also among those learned in the law a demand for the reform of American criminal procedure.

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An International Central Office

The enlarged scope given to the International Bureau of American Republics is a highly important result of the third Pan-American Conference. The Bureau is now a firmly established institution. Even had it accomplished nothing of particular consequence in its sixteen years of life, the mere fact of its existence would have justified its creation as the chief fruit of the first Conference. It stands as a sign and a symbol of solidarity. The new functions just delegated to the Bureau, however, give it a broader utility.

Most significant of these new functions is that whereby it becomes a medium for making effective the conclusions of the Conferences. The great need for such a medium is evident in the circumstance that heretofore it has been the particular business of nobody to see that the work of these Conferences should be brought to the attention of the various Governments concerned. Consequently, not one of the twenty-three instruments

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signed at Mexico has yet been approved by seven of the countries represented. Our own country has also been negligent, though not to that extent. The closer touch which our Department of State now keeps upon these matters naturally tends to improve the situation. But now the prospects are further very greatly improved by the action of the Conference of Rio de Janeiro. It was a felicitous idea, that of giving the Bureau of American Republics a direct hand in the matter. It thus becomes a duty of the Bureau to call the attention of the various Governments concerned to the fact that such and such articles agreed upon by a Conference await their approval. This duty is not a merely perfunctory activity, to be exercised once and then passed over. It is to be repeated each year, so long as any article may remain unapproved. The chances of favorable action are therefore largely increased, since it is negligence rather than willfulness that has been at fault.

In such ways the Bureau of American Republics becomes an admirable "central office" for the countries that it represents. A "central office" established by various nations having interests in common constitutes a tangible bond of union, just as such an office does when it forms an indispensable co-ordinating medium between the various separately organized departments of a great manufacturing establishment. The central office function lies at the very foundation of modern self-government, with all its complexity of interrelations. Therefore the International Union of American Republics, loosely constituted though it is, is an actual political entity equipped with an instrument of high potentiality. A student of political tendencies consequently finds something immensely suggestive in the spectacle of the various nations of the New World represented by an executive institution at Washington, domiciled in a monumental building of its own—as it soon will be—administered by a permanent board formed of the diplomatic representatives of the several republics, and presided over by the head of our own Department of State. Vast possibilities are resident in this circumstance.

We hope that this Bureau will be so administered that it will be a clearing-house of information not only for the governments of the Western nations, but also for their peoples. In particular, we hope that it may furnish to the people of the United States means for a fuller acquaintance with their neighbors of this hemisphere.

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The Mosaic Sabbath

I am much astonished by an editorial statement in The Outlook for August 18, p. 875. The editor writes: ". . . France . . . has come back unconsciously to the principle involved in the Fourth Commandment, which required no religious observance, . . . setting man free from the drudgery of toil and leaving him to make such use of that freedom as he himself thought best." I do not see how this interpretation, which seems to suggest a holiday rather than a holy day, can possibly be reconciled either with the commandment itself, "Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy . . . the seventh day is a sabbath unto the Lord thy God: . . . wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it," or with such a Bible interpretation as Isaiah lviii. 13, "If thou turn away thy foot from the sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; . . . and shalt honor it, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words."

It seems to me that both passages, and countless others, explicitly require a "religious observance" of the day, and that Christians ought to stand as a unit for such observance. A. A.

The impression respecting the primitive Jewish Sabbath which is represented by this letter is a very common one, but it is not justified by a careful study either of the Old Testament itself or of the usages of the Jews as they are indicated by other forms of Jewish literature.

The word holy in Old Testament usage means "set apart to Jehovah." The holy object may be a day, or a house, or a garment, or a piece of meat, or a piece of money, or a utensil, or a perfume—whatever its character, if it is set apart for special use as directed by God, it is holy. The Sabbath was declared holy simply because it was thus set apart. The Israelites had emerged from centuries of bondage in which every day was one of drudgery. They were given in the Ten Commandments the constitu-

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tion of their new commonwealth. Among the articles of this constitution was one telling them that one day in seven was to be set apart from the other days. All that this constitutional provision required was that the ordinary toil of the week should not be allowed to intrude into this day. It was to be a rest day. This was indicated by its title of the Sabbath, which means rest. It was indicated by the foundation laid for it: on the seventh day Jehovah rested, and his children were to follow his example. It is indicated by the specific prohibitions: "Thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates." Nothing was said in it respecting either public or private worship, nothing which even remotely implied such a Puritan regulation as that embodied in the requirement of the Westminster Confession of Faith that the whole time of the Sabbath must be taken up "in the public and private exercises of His worship and in the duties of necessity and mercy."

This provision for weekly rest was rigorously enforced, and the violation of it was severely punished. But no attendance on worship, public or private, was enforced, and no failure to attend was punished. In the later history of Israel the leisure of the day was used by solemn services in the temple and by public instruction of the people. But the law did not require the people to attend these services or to listen to this instruction. Men were put to death for working on the Sabbath day, but no man was ever fined for not attending the public service or for not listening to the teaching of the Levites. In so far as the Fourth Commandment was one of the statute laws of the commonwealth, it prescribes nothing but rest, and it prohibited nothing but labor.

Moreover, the leisure of this day was taken for other purposes than the public and private exercises of God's worship. It was not only a "day of joy and gladness," it was a day of social festivity. A striking illustration of the Jewish conception of this day is afforded by an incident recorded in the book of Nehemiah. The people came together for instruction; a pulpit of wood was erected and an open-air service conducted. The Levites "read in the book in the law of God distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading." And then, the service being over, Nehemiah and the Levites said to the people: "This day is holy unto the Lord your God; . . . Go your way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared: for this day is holy unto our Lord." So, says the narrative, "the people went their way to eat, and to drink, and to send portions, and to make great mirth, because they had understood the words that were declared unto them." This was a holy day, the indications are that it was a Sabbath day; and this was the way in which it was kept holy.

In short, the Jewish Sabbath was much like the Puritan Thanksgiving Day. The morning hours were by the religious Jews devoted to public worship. The remainder of the day was spent in receiving and returning the visits of friends, in dances, and games, and juvenile exercises. Josephus tells us that the law required the people to take their dinner at the sixth hour—that is, at noon. The Rabbinical precepts contain such Sabbath requirements as these: "Meet the Sabbath with a lively hunger; let thy table be covered with fish, flesh, and generous wine." "Assume all thy sprightliness." "Utter nothing but what is provocative of mirth and good humor." "Be resolute and merry though ruined in debt." The passage from Isaiah which our correspondent quotes is to be interpreted in accordance with these well-established facts respecting the early Jewish conception of the Sabbath. The Sabbath, said Isaiah, is to be made a delight, not a burden; a feast day, not a fast day. It is to be made holy to the Lord, as Nehemiah would have it made holy, partly by being made a day of friendship, of fellowship, and of wise festivity. It is to be kept free from the wonted ways of the week, from self-seeking and profitless gossip. In brief, it is to be both honorable and a delight; a day of simplicity and purity, and also a day, to quote again from Nehemiah, "of great mirth."

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We shall not get a true Sabbath observance in this country until there are wrought into our National consciousness three principles:

First, that the object of law is simply to protect the workingman's right to his rest. When those vocations are restrained which interfere with his right to his rest, and those pleasures are prevented which disturb and tend to destroy the quiet of the day for those who wish its quiet, the whole function of law is fulfilled. Each individual must be left free to use the rest provided by this day as he likes, provided he does not interfere with the rights of his neighbor.

Second, God is glad in our gladness. Pure and healthful festivities, social fellowships, glad home-comings, innocent mirth, may all be as holy to the Lord as prayer or praise.

Third, and most important of all, we shall never know how to rest until we know how to work. We can never know how to make our rest day holy to God until we have learned how to consecrate our week days' work to his service in service to our fellow-men.

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The Heart of God

Mr. Beecher has described the great wave of joy on which he was lifted when, walking in the woods, it suddenly came to him that he need believe nothing about God which did not harmonize with the teaching of Christ. The burden of old theology, with its imperialistic interpretations of the heavenly Father, fell from his spirit as a load falls from the shoulders when the straps that bind it are suddenly loosened, and he entered for the first time into the peace and joy of a child of God. There were a thousand mysteries of suffering, sorrow, and death which he could not penetrate; he was still in a world full of misery and partaker of a life crowded with burdens, disappointments, apparent injustices, the recurring anguish of broken circles and severed spirits; but there, in the clear light of history, stood the Christ, more keenly sensitive than any other who has worn the form of man to the bitterness of the human lot—whose life was one long familiarity with grief and acquaintance with sorrow, who bore the whole terrible burden of the sin of the world and trod the lonely way to death in an awful solitude—and declared that the Father loves his children, knows all their anguish, broods over them in those hours when death stands beside them, and pities them with an infinite and healing pity.

If Christ had known only what is in the heart of man, he would have been the greatest of spiritual physicians but without the power to heal. But he knew the heart of God also. If there had been no unique revelation to him, he would still have been, by reason of his purity, his holiness, his union with and likeness to God, the most authoritative of all the interpreters of the spirit of the Father, with a gift of divination, a clearness of vision, born of his spiritual nearness to the Infinite. But he was more than a diviner of what is in the heart of man; he was so full of life himself that it flowed from him in a healing stream, and the touch of it was health, peace, content. Long after he had vanished from the earth men and women in the last agonies of martyrdom looked up at the unseen Christ and died with smiles on their faces.

What the misery, sorrow, and evil of life mean he did not explain. Perhaps he could not, for no man knows how far his consciousness ran parallel with the divine consciousness; and if he had understood the mystery in which life is enveloped, he could not have made it clear to us; human experience is not wide enough to take in the ulterior purposes of the Infinite. It is not ours to understand; for if the world and man were comprehensible, neither would have any share in infinity and eternity. He did not come to reveal the mind of God; that revelation will come in the long future. He came to show the heart of God. He did not and could not explain the plan of life; he did explain the spirit behind it. In the face of the most appalling trials and under the heaviest burdens his voice rang clear and commanding; he knew the worst and bore it on his own heart, and out of the fullness

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of his knowledge of life and death he declared that Infinite Love is behind it all and directs it all. This is all we have a right to ask, for it is all we need and all we can understand.

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The Spectator

The Spectator was recently allowed to read a letter which seemed to him well worthy of note; it was written by one woman to another, and was an appeal—it might almost be called a prayer—for suggestions in regard to new ways of raising money for church purposes. In its flight the letter had crossed the boundaries of two States, and its urgency was further emphasized by the fact that the one to whom it was written was an utter stranger to the writer, and also by the length and manner of the appeal. The writer's home was in a town where churches were numerous—as they usually are with all the leading denominations represented—and where the struggle for individual support was severe and incessant. The writer said, in substance, that in her own church they had tried every "scheme" they had ever heard of, and it seemed that they were at the end of all that could be done in that way until something new could be found. The Spectator's friend had been heard of as an exceptionally resourceful worker along this line, and hence the letter. The immediate need was money for painting the church; the work could not be longer delayed except with detriment to the building, and the money must be raised at the earliest possible time.

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The Spectator read over the long enumeration of "schemes" that had been tried, and then he asked, "*Is* there anything more that they can do?" To which his friend replied: "Yes! They haven't tried . . . and I think it might go well in that place; I will write them about it." And presumably she did. It is also fair to assume that the suggestion was accepted, and the money thereby raised for painting the church. The Spectator ventured a single suggestion: "Why don't you advise the giving of the money outright?" for which he received only a sickly smile tinged with derision; his friend's feelings seemed too deep for words.

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This matter of raising money for church purposes challenged the attention of the Spectator a long time ago, and he has since followed it with increasing interest and conviction. Any expression of his ideas on the subject has generally been met with the remark, "But we can't raise all the money we need without resorting to these 'schemes.'" And when he has further asked, as he has again and again, of both clergy and laity, "Why can't you?" he has never gotten beyond the highly illuminating reply, "Well, *we can't.*"

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This matter of "making money" by the various devices named in the church news columns of denominational papers is very interesting from a business point of view. A single instance serves well to illustrate many experiences. A "Ladies' Aid" gave a box lunch; the women were each to prepare a nice lunch sufficient for two persons; the men were each to buy a box or basket and eat it with the one who had provided it. The minister's wife got up a very nice lunch which cost her, basket and all, two dollars. She put the price on it, as she had been instructed to; and because it was so much the committee thought best not to increase the selling price, and so it was marked two dollars for the sale. It just happened that the minister bought his own wife's basket, and, of course, he paid two dollars for it. The Spectator's mathematics may be very much at fault—it has been a long time since he went to school—but it was surprisingly plain to him that the minister had given four dollars for the church to get two; indeed, it would be somewhat less than two that the church would get, because there are always "expenses" attending all these money-making occasions.

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The wonderful work of a young woman at a church fair was recently reported. She was appointed to the handkerchief

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table, and she succeeded in soliciting—it sounds better than begging—*sixty-five* handkerchiefs from friends and acquaintances and strangers, far and near. Some of them were "real nice ones"—the Spectator tells the tale as it was told to him—and sold for a high price, and she made *lots* of money! The Spectator couldn't deny a thought of pity for the poor child when the logic of that wonderful success begins to reveal itself in the letters that will come sooner or later beginning, "We are to hold our fair the 5th, 6th, and 7th of next month," and ending, "You will remember that I responded to your appeal when you had the handkerchief table."

❀

Riding along an avenue of Greater New York in the street-cars on a Sunday morning, the Spectator noticed on the front of a church, close by the door where the congregation was passing in to morning service, a large sign in red and black letters on a white ground:

CAKE AND APRON SALE ON
THURSDAY EVENING
ENTERTAINMENT REFRESHMENTS

There it was, so plain and prominent that he who rode could read; and the Spectator was not surprised to hear the remark of a stranger in the seat behind him: "I've always supposed that the church believed 'man cannot live by bread alone,' but it seems to find a surprising dependence for its own life in cake."

❀

The Spectator enjoys church suppers, and eats cake—when it's good—and believes in aprons, and pincushions, and rag-bags, and—well, all the rest of the things with which a half-century, more or less, of church fairs and small "sales" has made us familiar—in their proper places; but it seems to him that they are being made all too prominent in the affairs of the church. Aside from the fact that "fairs" and "sales" and "suppers" almost invariably cost more than they come to, and so fail at the very point where they are popularly believed to succeed, they certainly demoralize the best spirit of giving for the church. The church must have money, and the people ought to give it; yes, more than that, they should be influenced and encouraged to do so with dignity and delight, and directly to the treasury of the church, and not compelled or expected, as in so many instances they are, to pass it along through a complexity of diminishing channels.

❀

Said a man in moderate circumstances: "I feel that I can give forty dollars a year to the church. It's a small amount, but still, if I could give it at one time, in the form of a subscription to be paid at regular intervals, I should feel that I was making a very satisfactory offering to the support of the church; as things are, however, I cannot subscribe over fifteen dollars at the outside, for I know that twenty-five dollars at least will be demanded by the various occasions, all of them for raising money, which will be running continuously through the year. I feel robbed of even the small pleasure I might have in giving as I am able to the church."

❀

The mailing of tickets to people is another modern method of church financing which seems rather out of keeping with Christian courtesy, to say the least. A woman remarked to the Spectator: "This is scarcely less than blackmail! Here I have in a single day tickets sent me from church and charitable organizations to the amount of ten dollars, and I don't wish to give to any of them."

"Then you don't have to!"

"To be sure, but I do have to, or take the alternative of being spoken of as unfriendly, and ungenerous, and— Oh, I shall send it; it's really the only thing to do; but it makes me mad just the same."

❀

The Spectator is just simple enough to believe that it would be a "good scheme" to have social occasions in the church for social purposes; to eat, drink, and be merry for the good fellowship of it; to give money freely and directly into the treasury of the church, and then be content to live in dignity and courtesy within one's means.

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THE QUEST OF ERROR

Of the participants in this discussion, Mr. Moore is an attorney of Detroit, Michigan, and the author of the reply to Judge Amidon's article; Mr. Wheeler is a leader of the New York bar and is prominent in reform movements; Mr. Alger is a New York attorney, the author of a series of capital essays on the law which were published in the Atlantic Monthly and are now to be found in his book "Moral Overstrain." Elsewhere we comment editorially on this discussion.—THE EDITORS.

I.

JUDGE AMIDON'S article of July 14, on "The Quest for Error and the Doing of Justice," contained the positive assertion that the (State and National) criminal administration of justice had "broken down" and was an "unworkable machine" because of new trials granted on criminal appeals.

My reply of September 8 was that such criminal new trials were trifling in number and inconsequential in hurtful results. This was demonstrated by statistics which are inferentially questioned.

I therefore now furnish The Outlook, for such examination as it may wish to make, complete citations [1] to every case of crime appealed in one year to courts of last resort in the States named in the review, and now add all the appealed petty misdemeanors, city ordinance and mere penalty cases, not strictly crimes, so that nothing shall be unconsidered.

The tabulated results are as follows:

	Approximate population.	Total appeals.	Affirmed.	Reversed and dismissed.	New trials ordered.
New York.....	8,000,000	35	27	2	6
Indiana.....	3,000,000	13	6	2	5
Iowa.....	2,500,000	14	9	0	5
Wisconsin. ...	2,500,000	8	5	1	2
Minnesota....	2,000,000	11	8	1	2
Michigan.....	3,000,000	24	20	3	1
Illinois.....	5,000,000	24	16	0	8
North Dakota.	500,000	0	0	0	0
	26,500,000	129	91	9	29

It should be restated here that in New York and Illinois intermediate courts sift out and reduce the number of appeals (not here included) which would otherwise reach the court of last resort.

Continuing our statistical labors, the above shows that, instead of new trials being granted in forty-six per cent. of appealed criminal cases, as assumed by Judge Amidon, there were but twenty-three per cent. This also gives 29 new trials to 26,500,000 of population. One new trial per year for about each million of people certainly cannot well be said to "break down" or render "unworkable" our administration of the criminal law.

With the rarest exceptions, the rule asserted by Judge Amidon, that "where error is found, prejudice will be presumed," had no application whatever. Nearly all are decided for good, sound, and necessary reasons appealing to common judgment. What is there left of Judge Amidon's argument so far as the criminal side of the law is concerned?

Justice Brewer is quoted as saying, "Does any one doubt that justice is fully administered by the English [criminal] courts?" Let the facts again speak.

An English judge on the verge of insanity charged the jury in effect that they must convict Mrs. Maybrick. Beck, who merely looked like the criminal, was convicted and sent to prison because the English judge refused to listen to the evidence of a perfect alibi; and in the official report demanded by the House of Lords the Home Office said that twelve *known* cases of conviction of innocent men had occurred in three years. Comment upon this is unnecessary.

Justice Brown is quoted as saying that an English court "will dispose of half a dozen jury cases in the time that would be required here in the disposition of one." I do not suppose the Judge intended that this should be taken literally. The American judge here can, if he chooses, do exactly what an English judge does, and, by refusing to hear the defense, as in the Beck case, he could despatch twice that number of cases. Judge Brown was for many years an American trial judge, and this seems an odd commentary upon his own career. In cases of the slightest difficulty or complication (and most con-

[1] The complete citations are too long for publication; the tabulated results suffice, especially as they refer merely to cases reaching "the court of last resort."—THE EDITORS.

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tested cases are difficult and complicated) speed is a vice, not a virtue, and works almost inevitable injustice. I wish here to cite Judge Brown against himself. Judge Brown will go into his honored and well-earned retirement with the affectionate regard of all who ever practiced before him, whose universal tribute, with my own, is that no one ever left his trial court-room with reason for feeling that he had been unjustly, unfairly, hastily, or inconsiderately treated. No higher tribute can be paid. When justice is administered in this way, we need not mind the time.

Those who admire from a distance the English Judicature Act of 1873 and 1875 should read Judge Taylor's drastic criticism of it in the preface to his standard English work on Evidence. He says: "Commencing in wrangles and progressing in compromises, it has naturally ended in a muddle." And, referring to one branch of it, he adds: "It has not only resulted in confusion, but, to use the vigorous language of our blind bard, in 'confusion worse confounded.' It is a humiliating confession, but it is unquestionably true."

English justice looks best at long range. In practice it is in many things as archaic as the absurd horse-hair wigs in hot weather. The man who prepares and understands the case is not permitted to appear before the court at all. He makes a more or less crude abridgment called a brief. This is handed to another man, who gets his fee in advance, and never sees the client out of the court-room, if he can help it. (It is rather bad form to do it.) The half-understood facts of the brief are presented in this diluted way to a judge who wants to be speedily through with business, and witnesses are examined from the brief, with the result too often that the poor client has paid two men to get some excellent law applied to a state of facts which as a precise whole never existed.

A movement is on foot now to abolish the distinction between attorney and barrister, as well as to introduce the American system of criminal appeals. It cannot be done too soon, in my judgment. In this last the House of Lords agrees.

GEORGE WHITNEY MOORE.

II.

Following the editorial advice of The Outlook, I have carefully read the paper of Judge Amidon about "The Quest for Error and the Doing of Justice." This I have done the more readily because I know the author as a delightful gentleman, before whom it has been a pleasure for me to practice my profession, although I have never been present at a criminal trial in which he presided. This is my own fault; for while in my earlier days I tried a considerable number of criminal cases, I have of late avoided the criminal courts as I have avoided the shambles. While each is necessary in its way, they both involve duties and present spectacles which shock the imagination and weaken one's faith in the justice as well as the kindness of nature.

The learned jurist whom Judge Amidon quotes as having lately said that we have long since passed the time when it is possible to convict an innocent man has had either a limited or a fortunate experience. I have known in my own community men to go to the gallows whom I believed to be innocent, and, upon the sober second thought, the great majority of the people have agreed with me. I have known prosecuting officers to secure the release from the penitentiary of persons whose conviction they had mistakenly secured. In the first class of cases there is no help, and the least said the better. In the last I always shudder and feel thankful that the conviction was not capital.

The nature of the administration of the criminal laws necessarily produces these ghastly miscarriages of justice. At least nine of every ten of the men brought to trial in our criminal courts are penniless and without friends to assume the burden of their defense. They are placed in the "sweat-box" and practically forced to tell their stories without a friendly auditor to protect them from misrepresentation. About these stories the court will afterward say to the jury that everything they have said against themselves the law presumes to be true, but that what they have said in their own favor the jury will believe or disbelieve, according to the evidence.

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Under such an instruction I have known the prosecuting officer to take disconnected statements from the most innocent and truthful story, name them "admissions," and fill them in with the most damning evidences of guilt drawn from his own imagination. After this sweating process the accused pauper is cast into prison for detention, and the great State proceeds to use its power and resources to present such a case that judge and jury will be convinced that the helpless, shrinking prisoner is a cold-blooded criminal.

The last capital case, the trial of which I followed with interest, is a type of more than a score that I have seen, and will serve as an illustration the better, as the most of its features are spread upon the printed records of the Supreme Court of my State. The putrefying body of a negro woman was found in her cabin, lying across the bed, with medicines disposed conveniently about her. While the people waited for the arrival of the coroner, her son, a boy of seventeen, of a very low order of mentality, who had been working among the neighbors, at whose houses he had slept, came to the cabin and listened to the gruesome talk which characterizes such occasions. The boy was arrested by the coroner. That night the prosecuting attorney, accompanied by two police officers, questioned him in his cell. The result of this was stated by the prosecuting attorney as follows: "I will candidly say that he was suspicioned by myself and the rest, and when I left him that night I was absolutely convinced that he had nothing to do with it."

The second morning after this interview a colored woman, a relative of the deceased, went with two policemen to the jail, and upon her advice the prisoner "confessed," detailing the imaginary particulars told in the meeting at the cabin. An inquest was then held, at which the woman testified that she told him that if he confessed he would be "turned loose." He was tried, convicted, and sentenced to be executed, the evidence being the confession, and the testimony of the surgeon who conducted the autopsy that he saw upon the body evidences of choking, having made an incision in the throat and found a flattening of the trachea which looked as if it had been produced by violence. Although the woman testified that no inducement was held out to procure the confession, the court refused to permit her to be confronted by the contrary statement that she had made under oath before the coroner. Fortunately for the prisoner, he was defended by three young men whom the court appointed, and who became thoroughly convinced of his innocence. They appealed, the Supreme Court presumed prejudice from the error mentioned, and remanded the case.

During the next trial, which was before another judge, the young lawyers went to the cemetery in the night, dug up the body, and found it thoroughly mummified, with the skin intact, showing that no incision had ever been made in the throat. The boy was again convicted, and the court set aside the verdict because it was not supported by the evidence. The prosecuting attorney then dismissed the case, and no one now suspects that the boy's mother did not die of natural causes in the midst of her medicines. How in the world the surgeon, a young man in whose honesty and truthfulness I have the most perfect confidence, could have been so deceived, is one of those psychic questions which we must take into consideration in jurisprudence of the criminal kind. The result was that an innocent though humble life was saved because the appellate court had the right to presume and did presume that the verdict would have been different had the trial judge permitted the woman to be properly examined.

The prevalence of homicide in this country, and the large proportion of such cases which have not resulted in the infliction of capital punishment, affords a tempting field for earnest and conscientious investigation which few lawyers have overlooked. I think the most of us agree that it has as little to do with those beneficent rules of criminal procedure which are intended to and do protect the weak and helpless, as does that other American sentiment which leads a mob to snatch the accused from the custody of the law, tie him to a post, pour acid in his eyes and ears, cut off his fingers and toes, and then apply the

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torch by the hands of women. Advocates of and participants in such scenes are not slow to justify them, as they have frequently justified them to me, on the ground that the punishment provided by law for certain offenses is inadequate; and one gentleman, who has long occupied a position on the bench with honor to himself and benefit to the public, suggested to me that while these things are necessary, it is better that they be done under the name of lawlessness than that civilized government should assume the responsibility. If these terrible things are to be corrected, we must meet the sentiment which produces them honestly and face to face. * * *

III.

Mr. Moore's recent criticism of Judge Amidon's article on "The Quest for Error and the Doing of Justice" expresses the criticism natural to the lawyers who have come, perhaps unwisely, to look upon the trial of cases as a game, success in which properly belongs to the man who plays it most skillfully. For example, he uses the phrase, "The poor fellow whose life, liberty, or whose all hangs on the results, thinks that justice to him is the primary duty." The context shows that Mr. Moore means by "justice" the enforcement in favor of the culprit of every technical rule by which he may, if possible, escape justice. The true idea of justice involves the punishment of the guilty as well as the acquittal of the innocent. Mr. Moore dwells on the sin of a judge who drives an innocent man to the gallows, but he fails to consider the sin of the judge who dismisses a guilty man to prey upon the community.

The object of law is to protect the honest, industrious citizen, and whatever technical rules hinder him in the quest of justice or favor the escape of the man who has preyed upon him are really prejudicial to the community. There is no real right to any such rule. And the sooner lawyers and legislators realize the truth of this proposition the better it will be for the community.

The correctness of Mr. Moore's statement that the set rule of appellate courts in this country is that actual prejudice to the defeated party must be shown before a judgment will be reversed depends upon the meaning of the words "actual prejudice." As enforced by many courts, they mean the violation of some technical rule which has nothing to do with the merits of the case.

In a paper read before the American Bar Association at its recent meeting by Roscoe Pound, of Nebraska, he showed that in the last five volumes of the National Series of Reporters, which contained the decisions of all the States in the Union, forty per cent. of the decisions granted new trials. In the last three volumes of New York Reports forty-five new trials were granted. In one of these cases there had been five previous trials. Mr. Pound showed that in Nebraska there were one hundred and twenty-nine judges for a population of 1,500,000, whereas in England and Wales, with a population of 49,000,000, there are only ninety-five judges. No doubt one reason why ninety-five judges are able to dispose of the business of such a great population is that the judges in England are appointed for life, with ample salaries and with provision for retiring pensions, and that consequently the ablest lawyers are glad to accept seats on the bench. It may be said that nowhere in the United States is this true.

But apart from the evils resulting from our methods of appointment in most of the States, and from the inadequate salaries in the Federal courts and in most of the State courts, the technicalities of procedure which Judge Amidon criticises are a constant source of delay in the trial of cases and of the protracted character of the litigation in many of these cases. This is not true in New Hampshire, in Massachusetts, or in New Jersey, and is probably not true in several other States with the practice in which I am less familiar. But it is, unfortunately, absolutely true in New York and in the majority of the States of the Union.

May I add that not only were the positions taken by Judge Amidon in the article referred to supported by Mr. Pound, but also by Professor Lewis, Dean of the Law Department of the University of Pennsylvania, in an address

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made by him before the section on Legal Education of the same Association. The subject was considered of sufficient importance to be referred to a committee for investigation and report.

Meanwhile a reform in Federal procedure is under consideration by a joint committee of the Senate and the House of Representatives, of which Mr. Fulton, of Oregon, is the senior member on the part of the Senate, and Mr. Moon, of Pennsylvania, on the part of the House. It is to be hoped that all thoughtful men, and especially all lawyers who love the honor of their profession more than immediate success in particular cases, will co-operate with this committee in urging the adoption of any well-considered measures it may recommend to Congress for the reform of legal procedure in the Federal courts.

EVERETT P. WHEELER.

IV.

Your editorial reply to Mr. Moore is so complete that I hesitate to attempt a further word. In preparing some months ago an article on Criminal Law Reform, which later appeared in the Atlantic Monthly, I made an examination of the kind which Mr. Moore says he made of the highest court records of a number of States. I regret that the statistics which I gathered together for my article I did not preserve in their entirety. I had examined only States conspicuous for "lynch" law, and did not cover the Northwestern States referred to by Mr. Moore. Here is the record of Texas. In the latest volume of Texas Court of Criminal Appeals Reports, out of a hundred and sixty-seven cases in which conviction of criminals had been obtained before juries, in only seventy-three were the convictions sustained. Ninety-four were reversed. Thirty-three were murder cases, and of these twenty-two were reversed. In other words, by this showing, in that State the probabilities are that an ordinary criminal has three chances out of five, and a murderer has *two* chances out of *three*, that his conviction will be reversed. This reference to Texas should not be understood as indicating that that State is any worse than other lynch law States.

It is not merely the number of these reversals which is important. It is that the technical grounds upon which they are ordered in so many instances make rules which must ever afterwards govern other criminal trials, to the great embarrassment of prosecuting attorneys in the performance of their duties. A conscientious State's attorney will advise against the finding or trial of indictments where the rules of law laid down in the court decisions preclude a fair chance of a conviction being sustained on appeal. The effect of a technical ruling in a criminal case in an appellate court is the number of dismissed indictments, directed verdicts of acquittal, etc., which result from it thereafter in trial courts, quite as much as the mere reversal of the conviction directly covered by the case itself.

GEORGE W. ALGER.

V.

Permit me to call your attention to two very serious results of the frequent and notorious miscarriages of justice due to honoring technicality above substantial and uncontradicted evidence. First, intelligent and busy men are most unwilling to serve on jury in criminal cases, because they have learned to expect long and tedious wranglings over mere technicalities, and in the end, after all the personal loss and fatigue they have been subjected to, to find their verdict thrust contemptuously aside on some specious plea of "error." Second, in rural districts, through such perversions of true law, the community may be subjected to such enormous expense that innocent persons in some cases may be more severely punished than the criminal himself should he be convicted and punished by fine or imprisonment.

One cannot doubt that much lynch law originates from these fatal defects in our legal practice. There are too many lawyers who come to assume that law exists of and for itself, that the mere letter is above the spirit. The subject is too vital to the well-being of our Nation not to excite universal interest and to demand a degree of persistent agitation such as may bring about the necessary reform.

CHARLES A. TODD.

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THE PANAMA CANAL

THE WORK OF TO-DAY: RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT

BY JOHN FOSTER CARR

This article sums up the final impressions and observations of the author during his ten weeks' study of the Canal in Panama as the special representative of The Outlook, together with the results of further investigation of the subject since his return to this country. The previous articles by Mr. Carr may be found in The Outlook for April 28, May 5, May 12, May 19, June 2, June 23.—THE EDITORS.

AS the reorganized Commission, with its authority more effectively concentrated, has studied the situation on the Isthmus and planned out the eight years' task, the work of preparation has entered upon its final stage, and the engineers now stand face to face with a definite problem, fully empowered at last to solve it in their chosen way. What exactly are the conditions with which they have to deal? Let me first summarize the story of faults and credits as I learned it in the two months and a half of my stay in the Canal Zone.

I went to the Isthmus bearing the autograph order of the President that I be told "the full truth about everything without reserve." It was not to be my business to take up the old charges, but to describe actual conditions as I might discover them by my own observation. I divided my time nearly equally between officials and employees, and I took pains to investigate every complaint, not a trivial one, that I could hear from a reputable accuser. A self-imposed condition that gave me the cordial co-operation of the official world was an agreement that I would publish no charge against any department without first giving its responsible head an opportunity to refute it. In the result so great an advantage was gained that, though these articles have not escaped criticism, not a single statement of fact has been called in question.

It is true that I found an occasional pleasant-spoken fellow who was obviously anxious that I should think the Commission the best of all possible commissions on the happiest of isthmuses, but such men were not as numerous as the bitterly biased grumblers; and it must in fairness be said that the most pertinent and damaging faultfinding I heard came from loyal and hard-working officials whose hearts are set on the perfection of working methods. No greater tribute than this can be paid to the spirit that animates the responsible men.

And this spirit is expressed in performance. I can give no better instance of it than the tale of progress in matters which I singled out for criticism. The one political appointee discovered has been reduced in rank and his salary lowered from $2,500 to $1,800. The whole force of "silver men" is being paid promptly and regularly twice a month. The slaughter-house abuse has been entirely abolished. The better health of the negro laborers is now assured by the decision to oblige them all to eat at the Commission's mess. The ten-hour day, fairer, more merciful, better suited to the needs of the West Indian, has been made available by Act of Congress. And soothing to the pride of the "gold men" was the sudden end to the irritating, pin-pricking interference of the Panamanians with our work of sanitation in Panama. Every swarthy idler in the cafés around the Church of Sant' Ana heard that this change came because of the vigorous ultimatum that the Chief Engineer sent to the Panamanian Government threatening to stop work instantly on every public improvement unless the obstruction ceased. The natives could have had no more salutary warning of the temper that will henceforward

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rule in our work as long as Mr. Stevens has its unhampered direction.

But there are two criticised faults that have not been remedied, and both concern the health of the whole army of employees, for which the Nation is responsible. First, there is the continued subordination of the Sanitary Department to the Department of Government —its lack of power and authority, and of a more clearly defined and direct responsibility. The present organization is capable of bringing our canal-building to catastrophe, and its vices have been abundantly shown.

And there is Colon. A large amount of necessary and excellent work has been done there and is still being carried forward energetically; but the vital defect remains, for there is still the lack of a comprehensive plan for its sanitation devised and directed by competent sanitary engineers. Within three weeks after I wrote that Colon seemed to invite an epidemic of typhoid, five local cases of the fever were being treated in the Colon Hospital. Smallpox, the typical filth disease, has since appeared, and thirty-seven cases have already been reported. The outbreak is well under control, thanks to the efficient work of Colonel Gorgas's staff; but it has pointed the danger anew. Briefly, the situation is this: Probably no town in the world of its size presents so many difficult problems of sanitation. Swamp-built Colon is a natural hotbed of disease. The filth of years of foul living reeks from its mud. It is peopled almost wholly by ignorant negroes, many of them the rejected and worthless employees of the Commission, who in their huddled living disregard every rule of health. The chance that the selected plan for the Canal might cut off Colon and allow it to perish from very uselessness has passed. It must still remain the receiving and distributing station for the vast bulk of men and supplies that are pouring into the Zone. Thus the health of the whole Isthmus depends upon the health of Colon. Yet the plan adopted for its sanitation was prepared by a committee nearly all of whose meetings were held at night, because, to quote the words of its published report, "the individual members have not been able to give the required time during the day." In the case above all others where the highest scientific skill was called for, no sanitary engineer was employed, and though the Sanitary Officer of Colon was made a member of the committee, yet the scheme of sanitation recommended was adopted without being presented for the approval of the Chief Sanitary Officer. It is true that Mr. Maltby, one of the ablest of the Commission's engineers, had a large part in the preparation of this plan; that most of its features are obviously excellent; and that the whole has since received the provisional indorsement of Colonel Gorgas. But the fact remains that there is still grave doubt whether the plan adopted will meet the imperative needs of Colon.

The incompetence of the Walker Commission, the sweeping changes that followed its retirement, and the grumbling accusations of discharged men, have filled the air with rumors of scandal for more than a year. But, in spite of months of patient investigation by Senator Millard's Committee on Interoceanic Canals, the virulent diligence of the opponents of the Panama scheme, and the serious charges of the sensational press, nothing whatever has been discovered to discredit the honesty or the general efficiency of the present Commission. Well-directed progress is steadily removing the faults of which we have heard the most. Yet the work is still handicapped by the persistent circulation of false reports—some of them maliciously false. Time after time it has been insinuated, more than once it has been directly charged, that yellow fever is still rife within the Zone, and that the health statistics are "doctored." This not only prevents many good men from going to the Isthmus, but, with unnecessary cruelty, it causes great anxiety to thousands who have relatives at work on the Canal. Without the justification of a single fact, it is a wanton attack upon two men of the highest character, who are responsible for the reports of the Department of Health: our Superintendent of Hospitals, Dr. Henry R. Carter, a scientist of international fame, whose exhausting and self-forgetting work twice sent him

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to the hospital while I was on the Isthmus; and Colonel Gorgas, whom simple manliness and helpfulness have made the best-loved man in the Zone, who is second only to Stevens in his tireless ploddings of inspection, and who has "made good" brilliantly at every great task that has been set him. Worst of all, the official resentment and the popular incredulity created by reports easily proven false destroy the value of fair and useful criticism. If the Commission's critics had told the simple facts about Colon, they would long ago have forced the proper sanitation of that noisome town, in spite of the cost.

The plain truth is that in point of health the Canal Zone, even the Colon end of it, is particularly favored for the tropics. There are few venomous serpents, few dangerous wild beasts. The usual tropical diseases are neither malignant nor common. Beriberi, leprosy, elephantiasis, and pernicious fever are extremely rare. Even when yellow fever was at its worst, the percentage of mortality was only sixteen per cent., whereas in our Southern States it has repeatedly passed thirty-three per cent. At Cucuta, in Colombia, only five per cent. of those who are stricken with the disease recover, and at Santa Marta it is so fatal that our Consul there told me that he had never known a white man to recover from it. The work of our Sanitary men in the Zone has been done so well that, if a single case be excluded in which the diagnosis was doubtful, there has been no recurrence whatever of yellow fever in more than nine months. And, more than this, in the towns where it is especially dangerous, the *stegomyia* mosquito, which two years ago made up ninety per cent. of all the mosquitoes in Panama, has been so effectually destroyed that even without special further effort the chance arrival of yellow fever at either of the ports would probably be no serious menace to the general health.

Malaria is the great peril, because four out of five of all hospital patients are suffering from some form of malarial fever. But the number of cases is now being gradually reduced, and the work of prevention goes steadily on. Nor is the task of prevention a hopeless one, as the record of Havana shows. The work done there by Colonel Gorgas has been faithfully continued by the Republic, and though it is aimed at the extermination of the *stegomyia*, whose habits are slightly different from those of the malaria-bearing *anopheles*, it has incidentally destroyed so many of the *anopheles* that while in 1900 there were 344 deaths in Havana and its suburbs from malarial fevers, a gradual reduction has since brought the number of fatal cases down to 32 for 1905. As it is at present on the Isthmus, practical freedom from malaria depends on simple and well-understood precautions. Except in two houses, I never saw a mosquito while I was on the Isthmus, and after more than a year of residence the Chief Engineer is able to boast that, so far as he knows, he has never been bitten by a single one. Simple living and moderate exercise insure good health much as elsewhere. And though there are constitutions that fail in the tropics, so few men actually suffer from the effect of the climate that an engineer, whom I asked about it when I first arrived, now seems to have been merely just when he came out impatiently with his gibe: "Enervated? Oh, there are a lot of fellows who get terribly enervated anywhere whenever they have to tackle hard work! I was never better in my life, and I have been down here since May, 1904." It is not likely that the Zone will become a popular health resort, but let it be set down to the credit of that maligned land that its tropical heat often cures nervous maladies, and that sunstroke is unknown. So much for conditions of health.

And there are other untrue charges too important and frequent to be passed in silence. The history of some past bungles, the delays caused by experimental work, the actual tale of present incompetence, have been described in previous articles. There remain the vague accusations of political jobbery and corruption. Not a vestige of either could be discovered. Nor is there any talk of serious graft in the chatter of the messes. Indeed, I could find no opportunity for the plundering sneak on the Isthmus. If the eagles were gathered together about the Commission's appro-

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priation carcass, it seemed that it must be at home where the money is spent; but of this even the Washington censor has nothing to say. There have been occasional thefts from the Commissary and the Stores on the Isthmus; and now and then a petty grafter is caught. When the fault is not serious enough to deserve imprisonment, the offender is sent home. Captain Shanton's deportations of this sort barely average a man a month.

But to leave criticism: the spirit of our men is honestly hard-working, and this has appeared strikingly during the last two months. After the arguments of the lock and sea-level men had been balanced in the map-hung Senate Chamber, and the clear advantages of the lock and dam plan advocated by the Chief Engineer were approved by a substantial majority, the old and depressing uncertainty on the Isthmus straightway vanished. The men were heartened and the work went forward with a bound. Within twenty-four hours after the Senate's decision reached Colon, one hundred tents and a dozen cars of lumber were on their way to the site of the great dam. The bare hillside of Gatun now looks like a frontier town, and quarters for three thousand laborers are nearly finished.

Delays are still inevitable. It will be some months before the needed dumping-grounds dictated by the selection of the type of canal can be completely prepared, and the complete proper equipment delivered and set in place. There are further necessary experiments with Spanish labor, and the trial of the Chinese coolie. The definite decision to let the work by contract will raise many perplexing questions that will take time for adjustment. But it will be time well spent. The pros and cons of the contract system were long debated, and it was finally chosen for the greater reason that it offered the surest means of foiling the political place-hunter, whose assaults upon the Commission became terrific towards the close of the last session of Congress.

The future has harassing difficulties in store. Of these the most vexatious and insoluble is the railway The days when it was an extortionate monopoly, and a ticket from Colon to Panama cost $50 gold—you even had to pay $10 tribute for the privilege of tramping it over the ties—are still talked of, and it is universally execrated. The rolling stock was old and inadequate, but the roadbed is of unusual width, and every piece of equipment had to be made to order, involving months of waiting. The forty-five-mile journey takes two hours, but no better time can be made, because the trains are now running at fifty miles an hour, and the work of construction requires a stop at every station. The fare is the exorbitant charge of five cents a mile; nor can this be reduced, for the road only pays the Government a four per cent. dividend, instead of its former ten per cent., and it is saddled with a yearly tax of $250,000 to the Panamanian Republic. Moreover, it has cost us already, they say, about twenty million dollars, or as much as we paid Spain for the Philippines; and the construction of the Canal, with its 110-mile lake, will necessitate building thirty-five miles of new road at an estimated further cost of $3,700,000. It is thought that not a dollar of this can be saved, though when the Canal is finished the railroad will probably become almost useless. Here are Gordian knots in plenty, and it is fortunate that their cutting rests with Stevens, who has shown that he will not tolerate the unnecessary spending of a penny, or the scribble of a letter, added to the white man's burden in the tropics.

In the confusion of the rushing work you can still measure progress and find the trend of things to-day. For the general direction of affairs, the businesslike policy of concentrating authority has been carried so far that only a short further step is needed and it will all fall to one man. The nuisance of red tape has been greatly abated, thanks largely to the dogged independence of two men—the Chief Engineer and Mr. Williams, the Disbursing Officer, who is now paying the whole force of laborers within a week after their money is earned. The Auditor's function has gradually dwindled from positive mischief-making to almost complete uselessness, and should be abolished. His audit of record and the tabulation of moneys spent could be as well and more cheaply made by the Disbursing

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Office; and the responsible auditor for all the accounts of the Commission is the Auditor of the War Department. Every item of expenditure must receive his approval, and he alone has authority to change a single letter or figure in the packing-case full of accounts that goes to Washington every month. The accounts of the War Department total more than $120,000,000 annually; those of the Commission some twenty millions or less. The War Department's Auditor receives a $4,000 salary; the Commission's, $10,000.

The policy of conciliation, expensive and hampering as it was, has been considerably modified during the last six months. Business between the two countries is now transacted more frequently in the regular routine way. There is less conversational give and take. Our rights are more firmly insisted upon, and we are earning greater respect by holding the Panamanian to the performance of a man's bargain than when we humored him as a child into doing what he had agreed to do.

In "team work," too, there has been a notable improvement. The departments are working together without jealousy and with less friction. The plumbers and builders have learned to respect the rulings of the Law Department. Labor and Quarters is tolerating the "fads" of the Sanitary men. This story from the post-office illustrates the change that has come over things. In the last troubled months of the old Commission, when the postal matter handled was increasing marvelously from 400 to 50,000 pieces of mail matter weekly, a hurry requisition was made for one hundred mail-bags. In due course Washington wrote back: "Are you sure that you need so many bags?" The delay that ensued caused a congestion of the entire service. In March last, under the new rule of Mr. Tubby, the Zone postmaster gave an order for two tons of twine—the United States postal regulations requiring three letters bound for the same destination to be tied together call for an incredible amount of cord. Material and Supplies promptly responded: "We have forwarded your requisition without question; but please explain the necessity for the large order." This is good "team work"—trusting the intelligence of your fellow-worker, but watchfully following his work. And good "team work" has become the order of the day on the Isthmus.

You may think that you have heard too much of the din of work in these articles. You cannot have its uproar too loud in your ears if you are to know how the tracks are being laid about the Great Cut or how the town of Gatun is being built. Nor is there any waste of energy in the noise and bustle. The fury of the labor is ordered and deliberate, and wonders are being worked. To cite a striking error, to quote some folly of mismanagement, distorts the tale of progressing work. Let criticism be offset by the record of actual recent accomplishment.

Mr. Stevens has nearly finished the transformation of the Panama Railroad from a wretched single-track road into a vast switching yard especially planned for the work of the Canal builders. Until lately the telegraph was so uncertain a means of communication that when I sent a message from Panama to Colon early in April, it was placed in a stamped envelope, addressed and deposited in the post-office by a friendly operator, "because I knew you were in a hurry." A modern eighteen-wire system has since been installed and is now almost ready for use. Since my first article was written the water supply of Colon has been guaranteed beyond any human chance of failure; twenty-four more seventy and ninety ton steam shovels have been brought to the Isthmus and set up; a great coal-hoisting plant has been built, and the first cold storage warehouse opened for the comfort and convenience of the men.

Within the same time the working force has been increased by six thousand men, for whom proper quarters have been built in advance, making the supply of buildings at last equal to the demand, and giving proper housing to all the Commission's twenty-eight thousand employees. The new Chief of Material and Supplies has now finished the great work of filling all arrears of requisitions; he has completed all his inventories and

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accounts, and is reducing the numbers of his force. The Commissary has been reorganized under an efficient business management, and is soon to free the men from the extortion of the Panamanian tobacco monopoly. The entire service has been classified. All complaints of delay against the Disbursing Office have ceased, and the Disbursing Officer has effected a saving of $75,000 annually in his salary list. A postal money order system, a convenience and economy for all the men, was put in operation in May, and was such a success from the outset that during a single day more than $8,000 was sent to Jamaica. The expensive Monetary Agreement with the Panamanian bankers has been allowed to lapse, and the Commission is now acting as its own banker. And a greater economy than this has been achieved by forcing the negroes to cheaper work and greater industry. They are all being reduced to the minimum rate of ten cents an hour, and henceforth no man is to have a right to a bed at night unless he can prove that he has worked all day, or been excused for sufficient reason. One other instance of work well done must be given, though it has been accomplished within the longer period of the last nine months. It has been repeatedly said that we have built no roads on the Isthmus, but the record shows that twenty-one and three-quarter miles of highways have been completed, and more are under construction. And so with the municipalities, schools, and docks, the tale of progress runs. The developing plans for the eight years' work are rapidly being prepared. The plans for the Atlantic terminal, running from Gatun to the sea, are ready; those for the Pacific end nearly drafted. The exact form of the great Gatun dam is swiftly taking shape in Stevens's brain, and all the while the giant shovels are gnawing their way through Culebra Cut.

We live in an age of great achievements, in which we have a large and noble part. Honest American work is being driven forward on the Isthmus with heart and conscience; and it is imbued with the usefulness and helpfulness of American ideals. The workers in the Zone see in the Canal a commercial and political necessity, a hard-headed "business proposition." But they have a broader outlook than this. "There is more in this job than wages and work," Mr. Shonts told the men of the Corozal Club, and you will find no Canal builder so unimaginative that he does not see in the mighty waterway and its building a symbol of the greatness of his country.

CHRIST'S SECRET OF HAPPINESS

XI.—WHY ARE YOU NOT HAPPY?

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

ARE you happy? If not, why not? You ought to be; it is your own fault if you are not. It is not your fault that you have few or no pleasures. But if you have the right character, you will have blessedness; for blessedness belongs to character. If you have not blessedness, that is your fault.

You have great ambitions? If you had millions, what good you would do with them in promoting missions, endowing hospitals, educating the ignorant, succoring the suffering! If you had eloquence, how you would plead the cause of human rights; how eloquent you would be for the dumb who cannot speak for themselves! If you had the pen of a ready writer, how you would inspire men with your fancies or guide them in wise courses by your counsels! But you have none of these things. Your ambition is a great heartache. True! but you can have, if you will, the kingdom of God—righteousness, peace, and joy in holiness of spirit. Your life can be a silent standard to all men and women who come in contact with you. Your spirit of peace can diffuse itself, making you an unconscious peace-maker wherever you go. Your joy and fellowship

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with your Father can make your life a song in the night and a gladness in the sunshine.

Perhaps sorrows have overwhelmed you. You have followed to the grave your best beloved. You have entered into the experience of Job and known in succession poverty, the anguish of a stricken affection, and the pains of an incurable disease. Still you can have happiness. "Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted." Your sorrow is meant to be a strength-giver to you and to equip you for giving strength to others. You are called by your Gethsemane to render the highest service which one can ever render in the kingdom of God: the service of filling up that which is lacking of the afflictions of Christ in the world's redemption. Christ called his three favorite disciples to watch outside while he wrestled in agony within the Garden. He calls you to share with him in that wrestling; could he give you greater honor? Could he bring you into closer fellowship?

You are poor. You have æsthetic tastes, but can buy no pictures; literary tastes, but can buy no books; you are a lover of nature, but can have no garden. But possession is not enjoyment, and enjoyment does not depend upon possession. The Corinthian Christians were poor. Not many wise, nor mighty, nor noble in that city were called to discipleship. But it was to these poor outcast Christians Paul wrote: "All things are yours; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours."

You are imperfect; you are not the man you would wish to be; you fail to accomplish what you are eager to accomplish; you are full of faults and painfully conscious of them. Nothing in the Book of Common Prayer appeals to you more than the General Confession: "We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; and we have done those things which we ought not to have done; and there is no health in us." But still you can hunger and thirst after righteousness. Like Paul, you may not have overtaken, but, like Paul, you can press forward toward the mark for the prize yet to be attained. And this forever desiring and never being satisfied, forever aspiring and never attaining, forever hungering and thirsting and never being so filled but that the hunger and thirst still continue, this also is to be blessed. Not the Pharisee with his "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are," but the publican with his "God, be merciful to me a sinner," is the happier man. The pursuit of life is itself life's highest prize.

You have many enemies. You have been cheated, misrepresented, slandered, cruelly wronged. Then you can gloriously forgive. You can be full of mercy as your Father is full of mercy, and, in the immortal spirit of loving-kindness and tender mercy which no evil inflicted upon you is able to destroy, you can find a joy like that of Him of whom it was said, "He shall see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied."

You have scholarly instincts and scholarly aspirations, but you have never enjoyed any opportunity for scholarship. The daily duty which has sometimes been also a daily drudgery has consumed all your time. You are a wage-earner finding it difficult to earn more than the daily bread for your family; a mother, all your time and thought and energy absorbed by your children; a business man with means to purchase books but with no leisure to use them. You sometimes say to yourself, I would exchange all the joys of life I possess for the joy of knowledge. But the joy of the highest of all knowledge is within your reach. What is it to know science but to know the God who is in nature? What is it to know history but to know the God who is shaping the destiny of mankind and working out the kingdom of heaven on the earth? What is it to know literature but to know the life of humanity and of God who dwells in humanity? But it is not to the scholars that life brings the promise, "they shall see God." It is to the pure in heart. Working in your shop, carrying the burdens of your children in the nursery, driven by the necessities of a business which your neighbors think you are driving, you can still cultivate that purity of heart which sees God. Piety is not the prerogative

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of leisure. Abraham was a busy farmer, David a soldier and a statesman absorbed in affairs of state, Paul a missionary on whom came the cares of all the churches daily. The experiences of God which were theirs you may also possess.

You have a strenuous life. No outcry of the past appeals to you more than this: "O that I had wings like a dove, for then I would fly away and be at rest." But this is not permitted to you. You are surrounded by clamorous children and by perpetually recurring household cares, or you are in the competitions of a business which, in its incessant demands upon you, resembles a battlefield, or you are engaged in political life fighting enemies of your country, and required to be always wary and generally belligerent. But it is not necessary to fly away in order to rest. A man may possess the spirit of peace while he is environed by war; he may dwell in peace though the clamor of arms is outside of his tent or though the whirl of a thousand spindles is in his factory. A woman may be at peace though children are clinging to her skirts and clamoring their beseechings in her ears. It was just as Jesus Christ had come from the vituperous mob in the Temple, and was going to the more violent outcries of the mob before Pilate's judgment seat, that he said, "My peace I give unto you: let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

You suffer from flagrant injustice, your words are misrepresented, your actions misunderstood, your motives maligned. Others who have done little and dared less step in before you and take life's prizes. Perhaps even your best friends misunderstand, if they do not misinterpret, you. What then? Have you never read, "The disciple is not above his master, nor the servant above his Lord"? "Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness' sake." For it is only by the resolution that triumphs over obstacles and the courage that faces danger and endures injustice that the kingdom of God is won.

Are you happy? If not, why not? Blessedness belongs to character. Whatever your circumstances, if you have the right character you will have blessedness.

INTO RUSSIA AND OUT OF IT[1]

BY EDWARD A. STEINER

MOSCOW on a hot summer's morning looked more barbaric than ever. The red brick of its buildings seemed to ooze heat, and my driver, wrapped in a sheepskin coat, seemed like a walking Russian bath. Moscow looked even less normal than St. Petersburg. One gendarme, heavily armed, stood in the middle of the street, and his back was protected by another gendarme. They turned mechanically in every direction, and their faces did not betray much pleasure. The cornices of many familiar houses had been shot away by bullets, and the whole Twerskaya looked as if it had passed through a siege. Philipoff's coffee-house, the stamping-ground of the students, was deserted and the whole place was being renovated, for bullets had played havoc with the plate glass and interior furnishings. One whole district in which the revolutionists had barricaded themselves was destroyed, and residences and factories were total ruins. In whatever direction one drove one became conscious of the fact that war had raged and that it was not over. Conservative Moscow had become more radical than St. Petersburg; in fact, the further one went from the capital the more intense were both feeling and action. Every one who could had left Moscow, for it certainly was not a pleasure resort. The strike fever was in the air, and one did not quite know whether one could get bread or water the next day. The causes for some of the strikes seemed trivial, but were of tremendous importance to those con-

[1] A preceding article by Dr. Steiner under the same title will be found in The Outlook for September 15. —THE EDITORS.

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cerned. A group of bricklayers struck for an increase of one ruble per week; another because eighteen hours a day was too long and they wanted to work only sixteen hours; and the sympathetic strike was so common that many did not know just why they struck.

"Strike" and "meeting" are the two English words that one can hear at every street corner, and they are now incorporated into Russian language as well as into Russian life. They are the two weapons borrowed from a freer people and used with tremendous force.

I found but a few of my friends, and those I found told such pitiful tales that my visits were anything but enjoyable. I called at the home of a friend, and found his children orphans and his wife a widow. Her husband had his office near the center of the last revolutionary uprising; he hung out a Red Cross lantern, and both revolutionists and soldiers came to him for healing, and he helped both freely. One day an order came from the Governor that he must take in his lantern, and he did so. Yet as the word had passed that he was ready to help, men still came to him wounded and dying, and he could not and did not turn them away. Next morning the Governor's assistant came, and, without saying a word, shot down and killed the good Samaritan. This story I have substantiated in all its details, and I heard hundreds of similar stories which I have neither the courage nor the space to tell.

I like to think well of the Russian people, but I must confess that my love for them has almost turned to hate; for the brutality practiced by peasants and nobles, by soldiers, and even by priests, passes my comprehension.

I saw a sixteen-year-old girl whose father was shot before her eyes, whose mother was torn to pieces by a savage mob, and who herself will bear forever the marks of bestial passion inflicted upon her by the Czar's soldiers. What she told me I dare not write. The worst thing is the fact that the people have become so used to these atrocities that they no longer impress them and scarcely cause any comment. I was buying some goods in one of the shops on the Kamensky Most when an explosion shook the window, making every window rattle. Five bodies lay bleeding and mutilated almost opposite the shop, but no one seemed seriously disturbed, and every one went about his business. In fact, except for the strikes, business is nowhere seriously disturbed, and men buy and sell, "eat, drink, and are merry," as usual. The big pleasure resorts—the Aquarium and the Ermitage—were full to overflowing each evening, and I have never seen the people gayer and more given over to pleasure. I watched two men at the Ermitage Gardens; they had just arrived from Siberia with furs, and had disposed of them to Moscow merchants. They were in advance of the large army of men coming to the fair in Nishni-Novgorod, and were bound to have a good time. They were indulging largely in vodka and champagne, and their tongues were as loose as their pocketbooks. Everybody from the Czar down to the commonest Tshinovnik came in for a round of cursing, and a chorus of voices echoed their maledictions upon the Czar. The police came rushing in and tried to arrest the two men, but the lights were turned off and two policemen were beaten into pulp, the others being rescued by a company of mounted gendarmes. This happened at about eleven o'clock, and in half an hour the vaudeville programme was continued, and the merriment remained uninterrupted until morning. Moscow is outwardly as pious as ever, although the makers of holy candles complain of a dull market, and the people are satisfied by cheaper ikons and the visits of less expensive madonnas. To me it seemed as if the worshipers at the shrine of the Iberian Madonna were neither so fervent nor so numerous as usual, but the heat may have had more to do with it than the revolution.

Dissenters of all kinds are showing signs of activity, but the much promised religious freedom is not as firmly established as one might wish. Although a Russian Protestant church of five hundred members now worships in Moscow in a private hall, the difficulties experienced by them are numerous, and the restrictions in their way exceedingly harassing.

Many of the Protestants I met are

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Baptists, exceedingly fervent and full of that evangelistic passion which will make them a force to be reckoned with in the religious life of Russia. Nearly all American sects will find some spiritual kinsmen among these dissenters, all the way from Unitarians to Seventh-Day Adventists, the latter sect having spread over whole provinces and displaying all the intensity for and loyalty to a rather narrow range of ideals which characterize it in this country.

Russian Protestantism will not want for fervent preachers nor loyal adherents. It may need at the proper time the loan of cool-headed, broad-minded teachers and organizers; and the injection of the American spirit through such sources would be a great boon to the whole country.

In Yasnaya Polyana the outward quiet is not disturbed, although the peasants know the story of the disastrous war and are as anxious for more land as are the mujiks everywhere.

Tolstoy's health is better than it has been at any time in the last three years. As he looks upon Russia in its throes and as he daily reads of murder and bloodshed, he has the melancholy pleasure of saying, "I told you so." One cannot refrain from wishing now that Tolstoy were less of an individualist and less logical than he is and more what we call practical; for an organized Tolstoy movement now would be a greater force than he is willing to admit that it would be. Russia does not reckon with him at all, neither the revolutionists nor the Government; they say that he is a negligible quantity, but he is still a force and a factor; and if he would speak in the language of the twentieth century, men would listen and, perchance, obey.

South of Tula signs of the abnormal conditions of Russia increase with every mile traveled, and my friends in Kiev wondered at my courage in coming to them, for the trains were liable to stop running at any time, and the attitude of the railway employees was not reassuring.

The station at Kiev (for that is as far as I dared go) was full of refugees—Jews, one more pitiful-looking than the other, and among them over two hundred orphans. These orphans were going from Kiev to Lenberg, from there to Kracow and on, to be scattered among charitably inclined Jews all the way from Vienna to America. These boys and girls, none of them over twelve years of age, had all seen their fathers and mothers beaten to death, what saved them in most cases being nimble legs and sharp wits, although many of them showed marks of rough usage. A girl of eleven had her face forever marred by a stone which struck her cheek bone and crushed it. Another showed a gash in her forehead made by the leaden end of a flail; and one boy had received a blow in the face which put out his left eye. "I don't know why they struck me," he said, in his boyish way. "I was running away from home, where they had beaten father and mother, and a great big mujik struck me with his fist right in the eye. I don't remember anything more until I woke up in the house of the teacher who had carried me to his home." Nearly every young woman told the same unrepeatable story, and many of the older women were half-insane from fright. All of them agreed that the soldiers had wronged them most, and I would not have credited the charges they made had not the editor of one of the Jewish papers in Kiev shown me pictures taken in the little towns where these "pogroms" were carried out. Invariably the faces of the men were beaten to pulp. Not one of the women was instantly killed, and their mutilated bodies showed evidences of fiendish crimes. What seemed worse to me than all else was the fact that nearly every mother bewailed the murder of her youngest children.

Into the second-class compartment in which I traveled they carried an old Jew over seventy years of age, whose feet had been amputated, and who, because he had means, could travel on a fast train to Austria to spend the remaining days of his life at some healing baths. He had lived in one place over fifty years, had established himself in business and owned real estate, but, unfortunately, he had loaned money to some officials. These men were more eager to put him out of the way than were the mujiks, for

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whom the old man had considerable affection, and who in their sober moments had much liking for "our Jew." He could not sufficiently praise the kindness of the mujiks, and he put all the blame for their crimes upon the officials, who, after making them drunk, had pointed out the Jews as the cause of all their troubles. The wife and daughter of the old Jew traveled with him, and the journey as far as Kursk was made sadly solemn by their recital of the terror of the pogrom. The daughter was more Russian than Jewish in thought and feeling; she had been to the University, had become an ardent Socialist, and in the largeness of her sympathies quite forgot that she was a Jewess. With the closing of the University during the Russo-Japanese War she returned to her home and gave her strength and money to the furtherance of revolutionary ideas. In common with others of her class, she was soon made brutally aware of the fact that she was still only a Jewess; for when the pogrom swept over the Ghetto of her little town, she was left alone to defend her honor and her life. Her skill with the revolver saved both, but this delicate girl was still tortured in imagination by the pursuing mob, and her nerves played havoc with her frail body, for she constantly thought she saw the two men whom she had shot. "Strashno! Strashno!" (it was terrible, terrible), she said, over and over again, and both she and her mother were unable to take care of the old man, who was helpless; so, involuntarily, I was made both nurse and comforter.

At Kursk I changed cars, coming into a compartment occupied by a Tartar, a Pole, and a Siberian Jew from Tomsk. Although apparently they had not spoken a word to one another during their journey, my coming among them, the disclosure of my nationality and my errand, loosed their tongues. We drank tshay together, each one treating in turn in the American fashion, which is somewhat current in Russia, and each man told me his story. That of the Siberian Jew was the most interesting, for he belonged to the small class which had the right to live in Siberia. This privilege was granted him because he among others of his race was taken in his boyhood by force from his parents and drafted into the army. That was one way to solve the Jewish problem It has become obsolete now. They kill them instead.

From his ninth year until now this Jew had lived in Siberia. He had forgotten his people and his race when he was made painfully aware of the fact that over forty years of service in the Czar's army had left him still a Jew and an outlaw, and that although his rather narrow vision was completely centered upon the Czar and Russia. He had to leave Tomsk, and was now in his old age homeless, although fortunately not penniless. He was rheumatic and asthmatic, the result of hard campaigning, and he was going to seek home and health beyond the border. "I am no Jew," he constantly reiterated. "Why do they drive a Russian out of Russia?"

The Pole was coming from Odessa and going to Warsaw to have a hand in the fight. He was a teacher of the violin, but his delicate fingers were soon to grasp instruments which make less gentle music, and one envied him his patriotism, if not the task before him.

The Tartar, who was the least communicative, was also going beyond the border; not fleeing from the Russians, but from the Armenian Committee, which was after his smoothly shaven scalp, which he was trying to take into safety outside of Russia.

Warsaw was hot in many a sense of the word, and it was difficult to drive from the Moscow station into the city, for the suburb in which the station is located was in a state of siege. The programme of the revolutionists seemed to be to wipe out the whole police force, and on each street corner were a battlefield and a camp. Each policeman was protected by a group of soldiers, yet in spite of that fact policemen were shot down daily.

From my hotel window, in the center of the city, I looked down upon such a camp. A police lieutenant stood in the center of a business street corner; four policemen, with loaded guns, stood on the sidewalk protecting the lieutenant; and fifty feet in each direction soldiers

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were encamped, some of them standing on guard over the policemen. Yet at three o'clock on the morning of the third of July I was awakened by a single shot; the police lieutenant lay lifeless on the pavement, the four policemen were in a panic, and the soldiers rushed wildly to and fro; yet the streets seemed perfectly empty. The shot evidently was fired from the hotel, and the room of every guest was searched for weapons, but nothing was found, although some arrests were made among the waiters of the establishment.

The Socialistic current in Warsaw is stronger than the nationalistic, and the struggle is not for Polish but for industrial independence, although the nationalists are not unwilling to see the struggle and no doubt are directly or indirectly aiding it.

Warsaw, Odessa, and Moscow seem to me to be the great centers of the revolution, whose coherence cannot be traced, and whose end no one can tell. Everywhere one hears that the autumn will bring the great revolution, while one can scarcely find a place where now there is not a small one.

The Government's plan to appease the peasantry by the division of the crown lands, or by any other political measure which may be attempted, is regarded by nearly every one to whom I had access as ineffective because too late. The peasant has "tasted blood," the laborer has felt something of unrestrained freedom, the students have suffered too much, and the populace at large has no confidence in the Czar. The ukase has lost its magic power, and, unless appearances are very deceptive and my judgment of Russian character is utterly wrong, the country will pass through a long and painful process of readjustment, whose speedy coming every one desires but no one can foretell.

THE CITY WITHIN THE CITY

BY G. L. COLLIN

"THE bad people of both races live near together, the best far apart," said the Rev. John W. Johnson, priest in charge of St. Cyprian's Chapel. Within the parish, extending from Fifty-ninth to Sixty-fifth Street and from Tenth to Eleventh Avenues in New York City, there are about fifteen thousand negroes. They come from the English and the Danish West Indies, Cuba, South America, the European Orient, and our Southern States. The neighborhood comprised within St. Cyprian's parish has the name of being the worst in New York. So high, however, are the barriers erected about this negro colony by feeling rather than reason, that our ignorance finds no point of vantage from which to view the distinctions, prejudices, ambitions, and passions of this population, falsely supposed to be homogeneous. An informal talk with Mr. Johnson, for ten years professor of church history in the Bishop Payne Divinity School, Petersburg, Virginia, and for the past two years on the staff of the Protestant Episcopal City Mission Society, is more enlightening than observation at first hand.

"I believe that this neighborhood is the worst in name only," he said. "There are about a thousand loafers always in evidence. Within the neighboring six blocks there are fifty barrooms. Children of workingwomen, who go out the first thing in the morning and get back at nine in the evening, run wild in the streets. The impression of shiftlessness is increased by the number of our people who work at night—the hall and elevator boys in hotels, watchmen, and laboring men in the tunnel. The business and professional men—and there are more among the colored race in this section than in any other—are not in evidence. Head waiters in hotels, butlers in clubs, live here with their families. Negro women who are seamstresses, or are servants through the day in aristocratic neighborhoods, must return for lodging at nightfall to this land of darkness. I wish I might

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convince some Northerner of wealth of the need of decent dwellings for respectable negroes. In Richmond or Washington, although discriminated against, this class finds space to form its own community, with its own teachers, preachers, doctors, servants, and social scale. In New York college graduates and cutthroats are huddled in the same tenements.

"I only wonder that the degeneration and criminality of our people here is no worse. Good and bad are forced to live together. Fourteen dollars a month secures three small rooms with no improvements. Twenty-three dollars is charged for four rooms that would be rented to whites for eighteen dollars. If a man earning twenty-five dollars a month must pay twenty dollars for decent accommodations for his family, is it strange that he steals when he has no chance to earn a living wage? Those who migrate from the South find more race discrimination in New York than ever they found in Virginia or Georgia.

"Speaking of those of us who migrate, it is a mistake to suppose that the best element from the South are those who come to the North. Many of our best have found their places and stay at home. The majority who drift to New York were once the field or plantation hands, whence they progressed to gangs at sawmills, then to small towns for higher wages, and thence North, herded together, untouched by the civilization either of the whites or of the educated blacks, almost as barbarous as their African ancestors. They bring straight to the evils and temptations of New York the ignorance of the backwoods of the South.

"Here is our opportunity to do for the negro in the city what Tuskegee and Hampton, both situated in rural districts, do for the negro in the country. We have only touched the border of the great field before us."

The practical expression of these convictions has been to get seven hundred or more families in touch with the work of St. Cyprian's parish. The appeal has been through the children. "I went to work baptizing the babies [one hundred and twenty baptisms are recorded], and the grown people had to come," said Mr. Johnson. Girls living in close, dark tenements, with no alternative but the streets, are glad to do anything by which they can pass an hour or two in a pleasant, clean, well-lighted, and comfortably warmed room after public school hours. Sewing-machines were set up in part of the first chapel, and Mrs. Johnson, aided by other devoted church women, instructed girls in making their own clothes and other practical services. "I get them, Mrs. Johnson keeps them," says the minister. Twice a week the chapel became a reading-room for men and boys. "Through our Boys' Club we are teaching our youngsters to save their pennies. About two months ago the white and colored boys in our neighborhood buried the hatchet, and swore not to fight any more. In honor of this momentous triumph, I am planning, as soon as our building is in order, to give my Irish friends a little party. 'First that which is natural, then that which is spiritual.'"

At St. Cyprian's especial care is given to negro girls over ten or in their early teens. At that age their public school routine is, as a rule, drawing to a close. Their German, Irish, and Hebrew classmates are talking about the employment that they will take up. The majority of them mean to go into shops. While negroes with skill and taste are welcome in dressmaking establishments, we do not see them behind the counters of our stores. It is the endeavor of the mission to find suitable employment for these girls, so that at the age when they are turned loose from school they may have some definite, practical plan for a decent livelihood ahead of them.

When the subject of housework lessons came up, the Board of the New York Cooking School offered its well-equipped plant and the use of a specially engaged teacher. As the situation was studied, however, it became apparent that an elementary knowledge of cooking was but a part of the instruction needed by these girls, who will help out the "light housekeeper," be general workers in flats, or come for daily service in suites of rooms. Training not only in cooking, but in the rudiments of all ordinary housework, is the crying

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need. The supply of this need was administered during the spring on Monday mornings, from ten to twelve, in the rooms of the New York Cooking School, to a class of about a dozen negro girls.

The information about housework given at normal schools is, of necessity, on the educational and scientific basis, worked out with chemical laboratory, note-book, and pencil. The product of these schools is the instructor, not the hired worker. To meet the immediate condition of idle, improvident, and ignorant young hands, a method which is the outcome of the originality and experience of the Cooking School's director has been put in working order.

When the pupils arrive at ten o'clock, full of ambition, they are not seated before a lecturing teacher. Their school is a set of rooms corresponding to an average apartment, and the girls are at once told off to different tasks. For instance, this is a morning's start:

"What is this bucket made of?" asks Miss Huntington, briskly. "It is light and strong, and doesn't make a clatter. You could use it for work around the living-rooms. If you wanted one now, you wouldn't know what to ask for. This morning I'll tell you, and you must remember: wood fiber. Now what is it?"

Class in unison: "Wood fiber, ma'am."

"Here is a tray. It is not heavy, but it doesn't bend or crack. What is it made of? Papier-maché. Say it after me. Now look at this pail. It's made of galvanized iron. Why is it better than tin? Because it does not rust. Tell me, does galvanized iron rust?"

Class: "No, ma'am. Galvanized iron won't rust."

"Now, which girls blacked the stove at the last lesson? Rise. How did you go about it? What did you use first? And then? Yes, that's right. To-day you may scour the sink. Do you remember what was used last week? The girls who did that work last week rise and tell the others. Yes. What do you use on the brass faucets, what on the pipes, what in the basin?

"Which girls rubbed the zinc mat? To-day you may clean the oilcloth. Which polished the mirror? You may wipe the white paint. Which washed the windows? To-day you may go over the painted walls, because I wish each girl to do all of these different things with her own hands."

Another session is devoted to the care of metals. A brass teakettle, a copper spirit-lamp, a nickel hot-water can, a silver after-dinner coffee service, a bronze Florentine frame, are the object-lessons. Harmless preparations are shown to the girls, and the necessity of using different methods with different metals. The pupils are learning incidentally, as they remove the last trace of cleaning stuff and secure the proper polish, a standard of work.

When some physical energy has been worked off in rubbing, scouring, and wiping, the pupils sit down to listen to a short talk on the practical chemistry of cleaning. As noon approaches, they put away the brushes and cloths, tidy the room, and then with clean hands go to another room, where a cooking teacher is waiting. Under her guidance the class prepares its own luncheon, simple but "filling," made from produce for sale in the markets near their homes. One day's menu was broth, beef mince, corn muffins, creamed carrots, apple pie. The lunch is eaten in another room, where a detachment has been setting the table. Before the first meal the director asked, "Aren't you thankful to have this chance to learn? And since it's manners to say 'Thank you' to each other, or to rise when a teacher, who is older than you, comes into the room, don't you want to express your gratitude now by saying grace?" Three or four girls raised their hands, as accustomed to saying grace at home, and it has since become the custom for the girls in turn to ask for a blessing on the food and for generous hearts.

At St. Cyprian's emphasis will continue to be laid on the material side of the work. The parish house will be built before the church. It is hoped that the house will contain public baths, billiard and pool tables, reading-rooms, a dancing-room, kindergarten, accommodations for sewing and cooking. As to the character of the people, it is as well known, to quote Mr. Johnson, "to many of you as to us; for they are your servants in the homes, hotels, and business

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places of our city. Their wages are small, their opportunities limited, rents are extortionate. Nevertheless, the lives of many of them are comparatively decent. Having touched so many families, we are already seeing the reward of our labor of love. Our people are liberal in their offerings to the church. They are more earnest and reverent in their worship. They and their friends are less noisy. In our work, however, two truisms must be borne in mind. First, that it is hard for any race to forecast its future exactly. Second, that a part of any race, in spite of all that we can do, goes to the bad: 'Wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction.'"

THE MILLIONAIRE AND THE ANGEL

BY AVERIC S. FRANCIS

A CERTAIN Millionaire died and his spirit passed to the land of spirits. The journey seemed to him a long one, and he had much time to think; more time than ever before, for he had been a very busy man, keen and able and industrious, and his interests had been many. Now, however, these interests had become curiously remote, and in the silence and loneliness of his journey a sense of strangeness and of trouble grew upon him. He had known something of this at times, ever since Dr. B——, leaning back in his chair and regarding him solemnly, had said, "My dear sir, I must not conceal from you that I find mischief of a very serious nature." But now the strangeness and the trouble pressed upon him closer and ever closer, and all that was familiar and reassuring seemed fading from him.

He had never thought much about a possible life after death—he had found his life on earth an engrossing business. But now it appeared that the theologians were right and he was going somewhere—to his own place, wherever that might be. And where would it be? The self-confidence born of personal power and established by years of "success" was fast slipping from him; to what was he to trust in this emergency? Bits of familiar phrases came into his mind. *A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth. This night is thy soul required of thee; and the things which thou hast prepared, whose shall they be? Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things.* The disquiet increased; surely there were more sustaining texts. *I give tithes of all that I possess.* That was better! Who was it said that? Never mind, it was true for him. For the millionaire had indeed given much more than a tenth. Public and private charities alike had found his hand open; schools, libraries, hospitals, to all he had given freely. And the church? Oh, yes, the church had come in for a large share. His wife had seen to that. She was undoubtedly arranging even now for the most beautiful and costly memorial window possible. The Millionaire caught himself smiling, but only for an instant. Yes, the church had been given all it had asked for; that ought to help him through.

Through what? Why, through this gate, of course. For he was suddenly aware of a shadowy gateway with closed doors, and of a figure standing within the covering arch. "An angel, I suppose," he thought. "It is all true then, what the religious people have been saying, and I have got to show reason why I should be let in." Thereupon the sense of doubt and distrust increased upon him, so that he sought to draw back, and even looked about him for some means of escape. But no—a compulsion gentle but inexorable, a compulsion the first vague consciousness of which had come to him with the doctor's words, held him to the straight path, and, moving slowly forward until he was

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within the dim archway, he stood with bent head.

Thus standing, he became aware that a question had been put to him: "Who are you?" It was a simple question, but the Millionaire found it curiously difficult to answer. Should he give his name and address? It was a name and address that in his former existence had commanded instant respect and consideration, but here it seemed to furnish a wholly inadequate answer; and it was only after continued hesitation that he finally stammered his name alone. Apparently it sufficed, and he observed that the Angel was turning the pages of a large book. And now the trouble grew upon the Millionaire mightily, and he glanced desperately to the right and left. Why should he stand here merely to be turned away? But stand he must, helpless and afraid, he who in his life—his life?—had known little enough of either helplessness or fear.

How long he waited he could not tell—he had forgotten about time—when a light shone upon him, and he knew that it came through the opening doors. He looked anxiously at the Angel, who silently motioned him to enter.

"I," he exclaimed, "am I to go in?"

The Angel smiled assent. "You are surprised?" he said.

"Well, you see," the Millionaire answered, "I didn't know—I had a great deal of money and—and things, you know, and I was afraid."

"Money?" repeated the Angel, questioningly, and again turned to the book.

"Yes," said the Millionaire, watching with renewed anxiety. "Yes, I certainly had a great deal. But," he went on eagerly, "I gave a great deal away, too—to churches and schools and hospitals and that kind of thing generally, you know, and I suppose that made it all right?"—that strange sense of doubt made him falter again—"they said it would, but somehow since—since I died, I suppose—it has seemed so different that I didn't know—" He stopped doubtfully, while the Angel went on turning the leaves of the book, at length speaking:

"I find no mention here of your money."

The Millionaire stared. "But the objects?" he asked. "It tells about them, doesn't it?"

The Angel shook his head, and the astonishment in the Millionaire's eyes deepened. "Why, what *is* there, then?" he exclaimed, impulsively, and stood abashed at his own temerity.

"It's about yourself," said the Angel, quietly. The Millionaire looked puzzled.

The Angel turned a page. "You had a hard life at first, didn't you?"

"Oh, well, it always takes some patience and work to get started," answered the Millionaire. "It seems so long ago," he added, reflectively.

"You were a good son," said the Angel.

"I had a good mother," the Millionaire answered quickly.

"So had your brothers."

A shade passed over the Millionaire's face. "I was the youngest son," was all he said.

"You have known sorrow," said the Angel, still turning the pages.

"Yes," said the Millionaire, softly. "My son, you know, my oldest son. It came hard to lose him."

The Angel gave him a sudden smile, a blinding smile. "You haven't lost him," he said.

The Millionaire caught his breath and made a sudden step forward; then the light in his face faded. "He was a good boy," he murmured—"a good boy—but the other—and it was so much our fault. There was so much money, you know, and his mother—"

"Yes," said the Angel very gently. "I know. But you have borne your troubles bravely and have never laid them upon other shoulders." The Millionaire looked surprised.

"Of course not," he said; "but I know I made many mistakes—with the boy;" he hesitated and looked at the Angel wistfully; then he asked, very low, "There is no chance for him, I suppose—here, I mean?"

The Angel smiled again. "You did all you could. You were very patient and tender."

"He was my son," broke in the Millionaire.

"Yes," said the Angel, and then he

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bowed his head and repeated softly, "*Our Father who art in heaven*—and *his* wisdom is infinite."

The tears rose to the Millionaire's eyes. "Is it really like that?" he whispered.

Still the Angel turned the leaves. "Your wife did not always understand?" he remarked, musingly. "Was not always helpful?"

The Millionaire looked disturbed. "Not always," he admitted.

"Fretful, faultfinding, exacting"—the Angel was apparently reading to himself.

The disturbance in the Millionaire's face deepened to distress, and he raised a deprecating hand. "So much was temperament, you know," he said, "and things were often hard for her."

"You say you had a great deal of money?" The Angel spoke questioningly.

"Oh, yes." The Millionaire looked at the Angel thoughtfully, and then a slow smile came over his face. "Yes, of course, she had all the things she wanted—of that kind—has them now, I suppose; but it is curious about that here, isn't it? It doesn't seem to count any more; and what's more curious still, you seem to see somehow that it really never did count, that those things weren't real"—he broke off with a start, staring through the open door. "I saw some one I used to know," he said, hurriedly. "I didn't expect—"

"To find him here?" the Angel finished for him. "You will meet with many such surprises. He did you a great wrong, did he not?"

"Yes," said the Millionaire, simply.

"And you forgave him?"

"I don't know. I tried to."

"He began again, you know," said the Angel, "with your help. He never forgot what you did for him. He will tell you the rest; follow, and learn for yourself."

Still the Millionaire hesitated. "And the libraries and hospitals and the church?" he asked, doubtfully. "Didn't they really count either?"

"I find no record of them here," said the Angel, with his hand upon the book. "All that is here is about yourself."

The puzzled look returned to the Millionaire's face. "I don't quite understand," he said.

"No," said the Angel. "But perhaps you will come to understand better in there." And again he pointed through the open door.

"In there," repeated the Millionaire, and he looked before him somewhat anxiously. "Is it really heaven? I am afraid I'm not the sort"—he hesitated.

The Angel smiled once more, a very beautiful smile.

"It will not seem strange to you," he said. "Don't you know where heaven is—the kingdom of God?" And out of the past yet again there came back to the Millionaire a familiar phrase.

"*The kingdom of God is within you.*" And, smiling back at the Angel, he went on—into the light.

A QUEEN OF TEARS[1]

BY H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

OF the many controversies growing out of the course of historical events in Great Britain none has flourished more persistently than that relating to the character and career of Mary Stuart, the unhappy sovereign of an unhappy Scotland, and mother of that James Stuart who was destined to transfer the seat of misrule from Edinburgh to London, and usher in the period of anarchistic autocracy that was to cost his family both its Scottish and its English crown. Within a twelvemonth at least four new biographies of Queen Mary have appeared, to say nothing of the half-dozen more or less thorough studies that find place in new historical works of a general character. And, going back only a year or so more, the

[1] *Mary Queen of Scots, Her Tragedy and Environment.* By T. F. Henderson. Two Volumes. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $6, net.

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results of some notable special inquiries have been given to the world. These include, to mention only the more important, Dr. Hay Fleming's minute biographical analysis of the labors of other biographers of the Queen; Major Martin Hume's "Love Affairs of Mary Queen of Scots;" Father J. H. Pollen's "Papal Negotiations," which for the first time made known the interesting and suggestive circumstance that Mary married Darnley without the formality of a dispensation; and, finally, Mr. Andrew Lang's "The Mystery of Mary Stuart," with its ingenious Casket Letters theory. None of these, however, subject Mary's romantically sad life to the scrutiny practiced by her latest biographer, Mr. T. F. Henderson, who has for years made it the object of painstaking research and is known by a score or more books and articles as a learned Marian student. His "Mary Queen of Scots, Her Environment and Tragedy," is the most thorough and complete of any recent work on the subject. At the same time I would not recommend it to readers unacquainted with the leading facts of Mary's career, for, like so many other scientific historians thoroughly informed of their subject, Mr. Henderson has bent his efforts chiefly to unraveling the problems connected with these facts, and too often overlooks the necessity for explicit depictment of the ground he plows so laboriously. In other words, his is a book for advanced students, and these will find it richly informative.

The point on which Mr. Henderson's main thesis turns—although he does not consistently adhere to the theory it involves—is that Mary was essentially a product of her times and a creature of circumstance; that her fortunes were decided for her rather than by her. "On closer consideration," is the way he puts it, "her imperfections and mistakes become dwarfed into insignificance as the determining causes of her failure, by reason of the ascendant influence in her life of what may be termed fate. The task assigned her—assigned her by virtue of her royal birth—was, in itself, an all but impossible one, and its difficulty was aggravated by such a variety of accidental circumstances that a chance was hardly left her of escape from signal calamity. Indeed, the accuracy with which events worked together in shaping her career towards disaster renders it one of the most poignant examples of historic tragedy. It is this ascendency of fate, this supremacy of the purely tragic element in her life, that confers on it its unique and abiding interest." Fortunately, the evidence derivable from Mr. Henderson's own pages sets at naught this easy-going fatalism which, carried to its logical conclusion, would make Mary's great rival, Elizabeth, as well as all other noble and ignoble figures of history, the playthings of environment and chance. Mr. Henderson himself admits that "her worst enemy turned out ultimately to be herself," while still claiming that "it was external circumstances rather than herself that made her so." It may readily be granted that in the shaping of her life "external circumstances" had contributory force perhaps more than in the shaping of most lives. But, in the last analysis, the responsibility must rest on Mary herself and the use she made of her God-given faculties to will and to do. The surprising thing is that Mr. Henderson, otherwise so clear-sighted, should adopt a theory which would rob history of all meaning and leave mankind a puppet in the hands of Accident.

Consider, briefly, the facts of Mary's life. From her father, the brave but licentious James V. of Scotland, came a masterful will, pride, and a tempestuous, passionate disposition; her mother, the talented Mary of Lorraine, gave her enthusiasm, tact, and artfulness. By parentage French as much as Scotch, the long years passed at the French court—first as ward of her ambitious uncles, the Guises, and then as child wife of the luckless Francis II.—served to accentuate her Gallican characteristics, until by temperament as well as by religion she became far removed from the great mass of her subjects across the sea—subjects already in a ferment of wrath and fear at the possibility of their patria becoming a mere appanage of the French kingdom. If the Guises planned to unite through Mary the crowns of France, Scotland, and England, assuredly she met them more than half-way.

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Queen of Scotland from her infancy, Queen of France by virtue of marriage, and claimant Queen of England on the Catholic denial of the legitimacy of Elizabeth, ambition held her willing captive. Neither she nor the Guises appear to have realized how vain their hope must be. England would never have accepted Mary Stuart at any price. Even had England proved of favorable mood, there was always Spain to be reckoned with—Spain, alert and jealous of the growing power of France. In Scotland, too, there was unyielding opposition, almost, indeed, a premature union with England as a Protestant realm, and certainly, as one result of the Guise intriguing, a hastening of the Reformation. Too soon for Mary and her adherents, the situation cleared by the sudden death of the miserable Francis, and, *persona non grata* with the inflexible Catherine de' Medici, there was nothing left her but to pay unwilling heed to the demands of her Catholic subjects and return to the Scotland that had not known her since her earliest youth, and of which she herself was in the densest ignorance.

Returning, her animosity against Elizabeth inflamed by the latter's contemptuous treatment of her request for a safe-conduct, and with her ambition unquenched by the failure of the French project for her aggrandizement and for the strengthening of the power of France, she lost no time in asserting her sovereignty and in devising new means to secure the throne of England, if not immediately, at least upon the death of Elizabeth. The Hamiltons and the Gordons, robustious aspirants for political headship, were the first to learn that she was resolved to be queen in fact as well as name, and then came her long but unsuccessful effort to tame dour John Knox, the whilom galley-slave who had risen to an ecclesiastical and temporal pre-eminence that fairly earned for him the nickname of "Protestant Pope." It may easily be, as Mr. Henderson contends, that her youth, her personal charm, and her frank good will to every one "secured her an almost instant popularity" with both Protestants and Catholics, nobles and commoners. But with her ignorance of political and social conditions, her devotion to the cause of Catholicism, her foreign ways and followers, and her lack of deference to native susceptibilities and prejudices, this popularity could not long endure. Assuredly, it was doomed from the moment she linked her fortunes with those of the unspeakable Darnley, and turned her energy to the mad scheme of re-establishing the Church of Rome in Scotland.

A great deal of rubbish has been written about the Darnley marriage. It was, as her present biographer properly insists, a political union merely, and the not illogical sequel of the futile negotiations designed to make Mary the wife of the half-made Don Carlos. "Since the friends of Don Carlos would have none of her," Mr. Henderson reminds us, "she was fain to be content with the strong but stupid stripling whom her old friend the Cardinal and her deadly rival Elizabeth had practically, though quite against their real intentions, foisted upon her. In himself he was no fitting match for her, and she would not have looked over her shoulder to him had he not been apparently both the one means of deliverance from her desperate political difficulties and the best means of attaining, for herself or her descendants, the English throne." It was not a question of love, it was a question of expediency, and so pressing did Mary deem the emergency that she threw discretion to the winds and with uncanonical haste married this worthless cousin, near in blood to both the Scottish and the English crown, but utterly undeserving of any woman's hand. Soon, but too late, she learned his true character, learned it in his sottishness, his cowardice, his dastardly participation in the murder of Rizzio, his eager betrayal of his accomplices, his treacherous overtures to her foes; found, through his every act, how unavailing for her purpose was his "heart of wax," and, the tiger in her coming to the surface after long repression, sought a means of deliverance from this unwelcome yoke, and a firmer hand to help her surmount the obstacles that blocked the road to London.

Enter Bothwell. With Bothwell comes

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what Mr. Henderson would be pleased to call Fate, but what those who believe in the supremacy of the will would prefer to term Occasion. It is doubtless true, romanticists to the contrary notwithstanding, that not until Bothwell began to exercise his domineering fascination did Mary once yield to importunities of the passion latent in her ardent nature. Thus Mr. Henderson argues in the conviction, it would seem well based, that hitherto her master impulse had been ambition, and that ambition served as an omnipotent check on the passion which found expression in her desire for Bothwell. In the Châtelard incident it is clear that Châtelard alone was guilty of misconduct; in the affair Rizzio it is by no means necessary to presuppose affection in order to understand the confidence Mary placed in her Italian secretary. But with the advent of Bothwell the situation becomes vastly different. Darnley is—not forgotten, but condemned; honor, Scotland, the Church, become momentarily worthless in her eyes, primitive instincts find free play, and Mary stands forth before posterity as before her wrathful people, a self-confessed wanton. "The story of Mary and Bothwell," says Mr. Henderson, with characteristic bluntness, "is, in essentials, the very common story of the modern Divorce Court: a marriage *de convenance;* a high-spirited and clever wife; a husband discovered to be lacking in those qualities of manhood that are the woman's ideal; a lover not, it may be, intrinsically a better man than the husband, but possessing certain speciosities that take the fancy of the woman, who, made venturesome by her disgust and despair, instinctively encourages and cultivates her new passion, as an anodyne for her nuptial sorrows."

For Mary and Bothwell it was not the Divorce Court but Kirk-o'-Field, with its midnight explosion and the stark body of the slain king beneath the trees of the orchard. Then the sensational—and superfluous—marriage by capture, the mutterings, the placard accusations, the farcical trial, the open rebellion, the abdication, the flight of the buccaneering clansman to Denmark, of his royal companion in shame to England and to the tender mercies of an Elizabeth who knew not pity. Here Mr. Henderson touches on that which makes clear much of the seemingly inexplicable:

> It is obvious to ask, Why did Mary rush so heedlessly to place herself utterly in Elizabeth's power? The question is in truth more easily asked than answered, though it may be answered after a fashion by asking, Why did Mary marry Darnley? Why did she rouse the universal jealousy of the nobles by the honors she heaped on Rizzio? Why did she enterprise with Rizzio's guidance a Catholic conquest of Britain? Why did she not only further the Darnley murder plot, but allow herself to get hopelessly entangled in it? Why did she stake her all, sparing neither "honor, conscience, hazard, nor greatness"—on her passion for Bothwell? And why permitted she him to carry her to his castle of Dunbar, and to lead her afterwards to a Protestant marriage altar? Why indeed, except that she was a Stuart of the Stuarts—perhaps even, so far as concerned vigor and energy, mental and physical, the most remarkable of that peculiar royal race. Submissive though she had often been to what was hard and unpleasant, disciplined though she was from infancy to subordinate reality to convention, there was yet no holding of her once she had made up her mind to have her own way. She had the fatal Stuart endowment of a colossal royal egotism, entirely different from the egotism of Elizabeth—an egotism a constituent part of which, unlike any part of Elizabeth's, was sincere affection and much generosity towards her friends and dependents, but which was capable of such a concentration on an ambitious or passionate purpose that to her the obstacles in the way of its accomplishment hardly seemed to have an existence.

A grim interlude and the Casket Letters are produced, the letters from Mary to Bothwell proving beyond peradventure, if genuine, the former's complicity in the murder of Darnley. Mr. Henderson makes no doubt of her guilt, and in an exhaustive appendix riddles the novel theory advanced by Mr. Lang. Indeed, if forgery there were, the forger must have been such a one as the world has not known before or since. Even apart from the letters, it is impossible to acquit the Queen of knowledge of the intentions of Bothwell, of inciting if not aiding him in the removal of her hated spouse. In any event, she had reached and passed the turning-point of her career—the door of opportunity was now closed to her forever.

No need to dwell upon the many years of her captivity, marked as they were

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only by fruitless intriguing to regain the lost throne, by the successive plots that culminated in the celebrated Babington conspiracy to assassinate Elizabeth and set Mary free. Here, again, Mr. Henderson inclines to the view that Mary was cognizant of the assassination feature of this mad enterprise. "The elaborate attempts to prove Mary's innocence of all knowledge of the assassination side of the conspiracy seem to me," he observes, "as vain as they are needless. Her situation was now well-nigh desperate—indeed, utterly desperate, as regards everything that made life to her worth living, unless by hook or by crook her friends could effect her deliverance. Nor was her despair that of unsoured and ingenuous youth, nor of a short and sudden kind which might yet find its assuagements. It had been accumulating for some eighteen years, and, under the hard regulations of her present guardian [Poulet], it had reached an almost intolerable climax. Moreover, it was the despair of one whose character, by virtue of many peculiar experiences, had undergone that kind of demoralization which readily inclined it towards the dismal delights of revenge. Whatever had been her faults and blunders and crimes, she had been terribly tried, bitterly humiliated, and—at least in her own opinion—basely betrayed and foully wronged. . . . She was not accustomed to turn her other cheek to the smiter. She openly rejoiced at the assassination of Moray and the execution of Morton, and can we suppose that her joy would be less if her arch-enemy Elizabeth were, by the surest of all methods, removed out of her path?" Whether guilty or innocent, there can be no question of the courage with which she faced her judges and greeted the executioner in the hall of Fotheringay Castle. Dying, after a brave but losing fight against tremendous odds, she died as became a queen.

Perhaps more than anything else the tragedy and nobility of her last appearance on the stage of life have cast a glamour over her entire career, until to most writers of to-day it stands strangely softened and wondrously attractive in the twilight of history. Time was, not so long ago, when it was the fashion to paint Mary after the original cruel and unjust portraiture by John Knox. Now the danger seems to be that glowing colors will wholly replace the blacks and grays. It is Mr. Henderson's distinction to have arrived at a sane and equitable judgment, and—despite his apologetic and untenable fatalistic theory—by arranging Mary's virtues and defects in what impartial minds must regard as correct perspective, assist the student in comprehending her as she really was. There is much to condemn, much to pity, much to regret, but there is also something to admire. Rash and reckless and loose of thought and deed, hers was yet a large heart and a generous mind. Sin she did, but she paid a fearsome penalty.

A MODERN CATHOLIC SAINT[1]

THE irrepressible conflict between progress and immobility, freedom and servitude, that was waged in the nineteenth century now finds its chief battlefields in the Russian and Chinese Empires and in the Church of Rome. In Signor Fogazzaro's novel its banners wave in the shadow of the Papal throne. "The Saint" is a psychological novel, with a politico-religious purpose enlisting the hearts of many loyal Catholics in many lands. Its practical significance as their plea for the modernizing of the Church attracts a wider acclaim, as well as anathemas more potent, than would any literary criticism. Eagerly caught up in Italy, and translated into the principal languages of Europe, the Roman Curia has put it down in the index of books prohibited. Its fundamental conflict with Roman doctrine is conspicuous. The Saint bids his hearers to obey their superiors in the Church "in whatever is good," to lay down life itself at their feet, "but

[1] *The Saint (Il Santo).* By Antonio Fogazzaro. Translated from the Italian by M. Agnetti Pritchard. Introduction by William Roscoe Thayer. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.50.

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not their conscience, their conscience never!" This has the true Lutheran ring. Its note is not drowned in the Saint's strong professions of devotion to Catholicism. Another passage discards the Roman conception of the Church for the Calvinistic: "The Church is not the hierarchy alone, but the universal assemblage of all the faithful."

In a preceding volume the Saint has appeared in another character, a man of good family, rich, an artist and idealist, recalled from a sinful love affair to penitence. Here he reappears as under-gardener to a monastery, where by years of ascetic purity, humility, and charity he has won affection and veneration. His future career is adumbrated in the remark of a cynical abbé at a meeting to discuss the question of reforming the Church: "Have you a saint among you? Do you know where to look for one? . . . Fiery language, broad charity, two or three little miracles, and your Messiah alone will achieve more than all of you together." Into this rôle circumstances forced the under-gardener despite his utmost resistance. Saintship with the repute of miracle-working is thrust upon him by the superstitious peasantry. A whiter soul could hardly be, yet he is basely defamed by reactionary priests, who hate him as a reformer. Obedient to a divine voice, he goes to Rome. His reputation has preceded him. Fashionable women wish to lionize him. Educated skeptics desire him to resolve their doubts. He fulfills his mission in delivering to the Pope in private audience his inspired exhortation to take the lead in the work of Church reform. He receives the pontifical blessing coupled with a regretful confession of inability:

> "You are moved by the right spirit; but the Lord cannot exact of a poor old man like me the things you have spoken of, things which even a young and vigorous Pontiff could not accomplish."

Presently, weakened by his austerities and consumed by the ardor of his spirit, his lowly bedside thronged by the humblest of the people, the Saint expires.

A baffled love adds tragic interest to the pathos of baffled hope, and brings the Saint nearer to the common heart as a man of like passions with us all. The woman for whom, while the wife of another, he had once cherished an unlawful love, pursues him in her widowhood with a purer affection. For him all earthly passion has been transfigured into love for her soul. She is an agnostic. He longs to win her to his holy faith, but shuns her lest in her presence an earthly joy divert him from his heavenly calling, and he fail to fulfill his mission to the Church. In a sudden crisis her carriage rescues him from danger. He recognizes it as hers by its perfume. "A vision of peace and pure converse with the woman whom he would win over to the faith at last" shakes his resolution. He begins to doubt whether he really had any mission, and gets out, resolved at any cost "to quit that poisoned carriage." At last he sees her, but only with eyes glazing in death. When speech and hearing have gone, he receives her confession of faith in a symbolic act.

> With a great effort he clasped the crucifix in both hands, and raised it toward her. His lips moved, moved again, but no sound came from them. Jeanne took Piero's hands between her own, and pressed a passionate kiss upon the crucifix. Then he closed his eyes. A smile broke across his face.

On this dark background of earthly love crucified in obedience to a heavenly vision the pallid figure of the Saint is touched with a warmer glow, and the struggle of the woman adds dramatic interest to the struggle of the man.

But the Saint, though tinged with mediæval asceticism, is possessed by a more modern spirit. He would free the clergy from celibacy. He does not exclude even an atheist, if he love his fellow-men, from hope in the divine mercy. The Church needs men not only of moral vigor, but of intellectual insight, breadth, and freedom. The Saint is thus qualified for his mission. He has been discipled to an enlightened thinker, who would have the Church free the immutable divine truth from the mutable human elements she retains in discord with it. To a private meeting of such progressives the Saint accordingly sets forth his vision of the reformed Church:

> I see in the future Catholic laymen . . . finding a means of instituting unions different from those of the present. They will

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one day take arms as knights of the Holy Spirit, banding together for the united defense of God and of Christian morality in the scientific, artistic, civic, and social fields; for the united defense of legitimate liberty in the religious field. They shall be under certain special obligations, not, however, of community of living, or of celibacy, integrating the office of the Catholic clergy, to which they will not belong as an Order, but only as persons in the individual practice of Catholicism.

Even Protestantism, except in some of its minor sects, has not so utterly broken with the hierarchical ideal of Rome.

Naturally enough, this book has been welcomed by progressive Catholics in Italy. There the so-called Christian Democrats have taken it up as a sort of campaign document. For them its marriage of ethical vigor and intellectual breadth to religious fervor relegates its purely literary merits to a secondary place. But the novelist himself is as faithful to his art as to his purpose. He paints Nature with a realistic touch. With fidelity to each character in "the whirlpool of the world" he depicts the mystic and the cynic, the politician and the priest, the dilettante and the philosopher, the Pontiff and the populace. The psychic experiences of the Saint, his visions terrific and beatific, and the heart-hunger of her he loves and shuns, are well-drawn studies in mental pathology.

But does he make his hero preach too much?—a fault not readily forgiven to a novelist, especially by those who resent all preaching. A saint of different type could have acquitted himself well with less. Not so this man with his mission. Has he exceeded its demand? It does not seem so. His addresses, as related to his auditors, are called forth by the exigencies of his case, and literary art must meet its prescribed conditions. Hereby the book has gained a place of power among the factors of coming change. A less transient power lies in its tale of that tragic conflict of hope and love with destiny by which the hearts of men are affected evermore.

Comment on Current Books

Ancient Records of Egypt

By the preparation and publication of these volumes the University of Chicago has laid all students of history under a debt of gratitude. For the first time, all the known documents bearing on the history of ancient Egypt through a span of nearly four thousand years are here presented in a modern language. It has been a laborious work, in which many years have been consumed, especially in making fresh and accurate copies of the originals in all the great European collections, in order to the retranslation required by the present advanced knowledge of the language of the inscriptions. These are now put into modern English, with enough of commentary and notes to serve the need of intelligent readers. Professor Breasted's admirable "History of Egypt" was published last year (see The Outlook of December 16). Here are its source-books, a treasury of the most varied material, political, military, social, domestic, for reproducing to moderns the conditions of life in the valley of the Nile from the forty-fourth to the sixth century before the Christian era. The typographical form in which these volumes come from the University press is worthy of their intrinsic merit. (Ancient Records of Egypt: Historical Documents. By James Henry Breasted, Ph.D. Vols. I., II., III., and IV. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago.)

Chinatown Ballads

Mr. Irwin, in a former volume of humorous verse, recited the "Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum." Here we have the hoodlum's view of the Chinaman, rather cleverly rendered in rhyme and with a good deal of fun. It is only fair to add that the supposed hoodlum poet finds some good and human qualities in his yellow brother. (Chinatown Ballads. By Wallace Irwin. Duffield & Co., New York. $1.25.)

For Boys and Girls

A new edition of what has come to be a standard one-volume cyclopædia for young people. (The Young Folks' Cyclopædia of Persons and Places. By John Denison Champlin, A.M. Fifth Edition, Revised. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $2.50.)

Harvard Psychological Studies

Last December a notable event occurred at Harvard—the opening of Emerson Hall, a memorial of our great seer, to be the home of the Harvard school of philosophy in all branches of its work, metaphysical and

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ethical, psychological and logica.. The paper on the relation of psychology to philosophy—a seriously mooted question between naturalists and idealists—which Professor Hugo Münsterberg contributed to the inaugural debate of the philosophers on the opening day, and also his address at the University on the hundredth anniversary of Emerson's birthday, are included in the present volume. The bulk of it consists of over a score of papers embodying the results of the experimental investigation of as many subjects of psychological inquiry by specialists. (Harvard Psychological Studies. Edited by Hugo Münsterberg. Vol. II. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

The Masters of Fate

A heroic spirit pulsates through this book. It is an inspiring story, or rather a series of such stories, briefly told, and told for a purpose. How to make the most of one's self when put at disadvantage by physical infirmity of any kind is the author's theme. The way appears in the record of the illustrious men and women who have demonstrated that where's a will there's a way. From their biographies Mrs. Shaler has felicitously selected just enough to yield the lesson, and coupled it with a brief running commentary to point the moral. The problem involved—the problem of self-mastery—is the life-problem of us all, and the solutions of it here narrated carry their appeal to all, as well as to the handicapped for whose encouragement they are recorded. Mrs. Shaler is the widow of the late Professor Shaler, of Harvard, one of the noble army of the "masters of fate." The narrative of his conquest of physical hindrances by the energy of will fitly concludes the book of which she names him the "inspirer." (The Masters of Fate. By Sophia P. Shaler. Duffield & Co., New York. $1.50, net.)

Nelson's Encyclopædia

Careful examination and impartial criticism will yield a favorable opinion of the new work, of which four volumes have appeared. British and American authorities have collaborated in its preparation. A group of articles on Scotch law-terms of remote and dim interest to us, together with articles on such subjects of fresh interest here as Children's Courts, evinces this. Much of it appears to have been freshly written up to date—see, for instance, the eighty pages of text and illustrations given to Electricity and related topics. Yet it is not wholly free from traces of scissors and paste. The few lines given to Cynics represent the traditional opinion rather than that of to-day, as held by philosophers. It is also hardly appropriate for a modern work to give in an article on Chronology 4004 B.C. as "the generally accepted date" of the creation of the world. Oversights and slips will, of course, occur in the first print of any encyclopædia, and this seems to have its share. But its aim to be a popular work is well carried out. Would one learn the art of good driving, here are the rules; is one curious about the relations of our express companies with the railroads, information is here. Hospitality toward less popular subjects is not wanting—see a short but felicitous article on Crowds and their psychology. But popularizing is carried to a protestable extreme when such a title as Electrocution is given with no wincing at it! Biographical articles are numerous, and personal estimates, when included, are generally judicious and impartial. A crucial instance is the estimate of John Brown, of Kansas. A serious fault occurs in the sketch of Henry Ward Beecher's career. The statement that a jury disagreed as to his innocence of a grave crime, while true, is not the whole truth, and is left injuriously incomplete. Two other facts should not have been omitted, viz., that a majority of the jury held him innocent, and that he was unanimously vindicated by a large ecclesiastical council after full inquiry. Such omissions mutilate truth; they are inexcusable, and demand immediate repair. Some omissions, however accidental, provoke remark, and so do some insertions. If the "Contemporary Review" is mentionable, why not the oldest American quarterly, the "Bibliotheca Sacra," now in its seventy-sixth year? And why overlap the province of a dictionary by inserting definitions of such words as "categorical" and "cenotaph"? Intentness on subjects of present popular interest leads to an occasional lack of proportion. But nobody will object to the three columns given to everybody's favorite, Mark Twain, albeit some men of more lasting influence in making history get but a stickful, or are passed by. On the other hand, the staple subjects of inquiry are treated fittingly. The four-column article on Ethics shows admirable comprehensiveness, conciseness, and clearness. Copious illustration is a strong point in this work—over fifty full-page plates, plain or colored, in each volume, with a multitude of minor sort. Many fine specimens of painting and sculpture are reproduced. But the coloring has been sometimes overdone, as in the view of Cologne Cathedral. Maps also occur in abundance—eight of Africa, a dozen of England, climatic, orographic, etc. Taking Connecticut as a specimen of fine detail, these are accurate enough, but the engraving

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of the maps in black and white seems rather cheap, and sometimes so nebulous as to need a magnifying-glass; instance Alaska. A vast amount of information has been compressed into the very moderate limits of a twelve-volume work. This has been accomplished partly by the use of type smaller than some would prefer, though not objectionable to the majority. Each page of the six hundred in each volume thus contains about four-fifths as much matter as two pages of The Outlook. Whatever its defects, the undertaking to be "everybody's book of reference" is certainly sustained by large and solid merits, at a moderate cost. (Nelson's Encyclopædia. Volumes I., II., III., and IV. Editors-in-Chief, Frank Moore Colby, M.A., and George Sandeman, M.A. Thomas Nelson & Sons, New York.)

Philosophy of Christian Experience

This book is noteworthy for its identification of religion and morality—too often put asunder in common thought, though inseparably conjoined in both the Old and the New Testament. The author defines religion in ethical terms as "the art of character-production," and treats conversion, repentance, and faith as "parts of the art of character-making." The sense of failure in life is because of "lack of response . . . of moral qualities in man to moral qualities in God." Life fails till its supreme interest is centered in "God and his righteousness." Religion requires complete self-realization. But this is found only by relating self rightly to what is beyond self. Philosophy also requires man, as the result of evolution, to relate himself morally to his source. The dynamic which effects this is in religion. Man coming from God finds God in Christ, a life which grips his life, and transforms it into likeness to itself. Then is brought to pass "that response of moral qualities in man to moral qualities in God which crowns the order of the world and fulfills the life of man." Not often does one find an account of Christian experience which is ethically and philosophically so sound and luminous. (The Philosophy of Christian Experience. By Henry W. Clark. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.25, net.)

A Romance of Corsica

As a tale of romantic adventure we have had hardly anything since Stevenson's time so good as Mr. Quiller-Couch's new story, "Sir John Constantine." It has movement, suspense, the thrill of danger and the delight of high-minded devotion and idealized love. Moreover, it is told with that leisurely and cultivated attention to style that makes Mr. Quiller-Couch's charm as a writer. The time is in the seventeenth century, when Corsica was in arms against Genoa's occupation and oppression, and the people were rallying to Paoli. Among the aspirants for the crown is a young English lad whose somewhat quixotic but chivalrous father, Sir John Constantine, of Cornwall, has procured from Theodore, a dissolute ex-king confined in an English debtor's prison, a written renunciation in favor of the boy, together with the possession of the famous iron crown. With a few friends Sir John and his son land in Corsica and encounter adventure aplenty. The romance is sometimes marred, it seems to us, by the extravagance of its humor, which occasionally becomes bare travesty, as when one of two or three characters, introduced for the mere purpose of foolery, is butted by a ram out of a house, through a town, and into the enemy's camp. The story as a whole, indeed, is so excellent of its kind that one wishes that the author had recast some parts of the book and subjected it to a severer test of his judgment as to construction, probability, and humor. (Sir John Constantine. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.)

Socialism

An American edition has been published of Professor Flint's "Socialism" which appears to correspond with the English edition published in 1894. There does not seem to have been any revision of the book since that date, nor do we find any additional matter. Professor Flint's book purports to be a scientific study of Socialism, but is really an argument against Socialism, based upon Professor Flint's own definition, which is as follows: "Socialism, then, as I understand it, is any theory of social organization which sacrifices the legitimate liberties of individuals to the will or interests of the community." No Socialist, we imagine, would accept this definition, and it may be said that if this is the definition of Socialism no one is a Socialist. On the other hand, we may compare it with James Russell Lowell's definition of Socialism, which is as follows: "Socialism means, or wishes to mean, co-operation and community of interests, sympathy; the giving to the hands, not so large a share as to the brain, but a larger share than hitherto, in the wealth they must combine to produce; means, in short, the practical application of Christianity to life, and has in it the secret of an orderly and benign reconstruction." Under this definition it may be said that every one is a Socialist. The comparison of two such definitions simply enforces the necessity of

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discovering precisely what it is that any given writer or speaker means when he talks of Socialism. (Socialism. By Robert Flint. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. $2, net.)

Studies in the Book of Job

This great classic has been adequately treated as literature in various well-known modern books. In this volume it is for the first time adequately adapted to the use of classes engaged in thorough study of it in all points of view. Illustrated at every point by apt quotation from a wide range of literature ancient and modern, it is for every reader an admirable companion book to the incomparable poem. (Studies in the Book of Job. By the Rev. Francis N. Peloubet, D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1, net.)

The South After the War

Like Mrs. Avary's "A Virginia Girl in the Civil War," her new volume is overflowing with interesting and entertaining anecdote about the social and personal life of the South. The author has evidently gathered her material with much care and from many sources, and has selected from it that which is really typical, significant, or amusing. The present book is far more extensive and on quite a different plan from its predecessor. What the volume includes is pretty well expressed by Mr. Clement A. Evans in his introduction in this sentence: "The tragedy, pathos, corruption, humor, and absurdities of the military dictatorship and reconstruction, the topsy-turvy conditions generally, domestic upheaval, negroes voting, Black and Tan Conventions and Legislatures, disorder on plantations, Loyal Leagues and Freedmen's Bureaus, Ku Klux and Red Shirts, are presented with a vividness akin to the camera's." The chief value of the book is not in any political conclusions reached or suggested, nor because it throws much light on controverted questions of importance, but because it vividly brings before the reader the way Southern men and women felt and talked in a most trying period. There are many interesting portraits, but, oddly enough, none of Robert E. Lee. (Dixie After the War. By Myrta Lockett Avary. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.75.)

Tacitus and Other Roman Studies

M. Boissier, Professor of Latin Eloquence at Paris in the Collège de France, has laid all students of Roman history under obligation by this volume. His critique of Tacitus as a historian gives him opportunity for an interesting review of the social and political conditions prevailing under the tyranny of the successors of Augustus. M. Boissier does not agree with recent writers who deem Tacitus's treatment of these successors too drastic. How his pictures of them came to life again in the French Revolution, how Camille Desmoulins in his "Vieux Cordelier" was "soaked" with Tacitus, and how Tacitus's idea of history as "the conscience of humanity" was realized by the victims of the Terror, forms the theme of some impressive pages. Other studies on schools of declamation at Rome, the Roman Journal (the "Acta Diurna," which reported events from day to day), and the poet Martial, not only serve for interesting illustration of the Rome that Tacitus knew, but present points for instructive comparison or contrast of ancient and modern civilization. (Tacitus and Other Roman Studies. By Gaston Boissier. Translated by W. G. Hutchison. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.75.)

Letters to The Outlook

POST-OFFICE POSSIBILITIES

The readers of The Outlook will be glad to know that at last our people seem to be awakening as to the wonderful possibilities of the post-office and as to the necessity of electing to Congress candidates pledged to postal advancement.

On the 10th of August the National Association of American Photographers (two thousand in number) at their annual convention at Niagara Falls passed two resolutions by a unanimous vote; the first demanding for the United States a parcels post, the best, the cheapest, and the most extended in the world; and the second pledging themselves to oppose the election to Congress this fall of any candidate who failed openly to declare himself in favor of the immediate enactment into law of United States House of Representatives Resolution 4,549, providing for the consolidation of third and fourth class mail matter at the old common rate of 1874, one cent for each two ounces—one-half the present merchandise rate—as recommended by the Postmaster-General.

In Buffalo, Detroit, Toledo, Columbus, Cincinnati, and Dayton, Ohio, which towns I have visited successively in this tour of postal education, I have received a most cordial welcome, the press everywhere giving me their earnest support.

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The Society of American Florists, at their annual meeting at Dayton, August 22, indorsed by a unanimous vote the proposition of Postmaster-General Cortelyou as to the consolidation of third and fourth class mail matter. The Larkin Company at Buffalo, New York, and the National Cash Register Company of Dayton, Ohio, have both enthusiastically indorsed my work.

I am now at Indianapolis, and shall expect to continue my work throughout the West for some weeks. When I come back to New York, I shall hope to have accomplished at least these things: to have put an end forever to all attempts to increase the cent a pound tax on the circulation of the press; to have made the establishment of a local rural post, doing all the transport business on the rural routes, an immediate certainty; to have secured the quick enactment of legislation bringing up our general parcels post to at least the condition of our parcel service of 1874, a four-pound service at eight cents a pound; to have induced President Roosevelt to give the people of the United States a two-cent letter rate to Europe.

I ask every reader of The Outlook to remember that the elections of this fall will determine the postal legislation of the United States for the next three years.

No man should be elected to the Sixtieth Congress who fails openly to declare himself in favor of our movement.

JAMES L. COWLES,
Secretary Postal Progress League.

THE SCHOOL OF SUFFERING

I have been especially interested in the recent series on "Christ's Secret of Happiness." In the article on "The Joys of Sorrow" a subject is mentioned on which I should like to have further light. You say, "We are perfected in character in the school of suffering." Is that always true? Are not many people made worse instead of better by suffering? If suffering is always a good thing, and always contributes to the development of right character, why should we endeavor to alleviate it? Why build hospitals, orphanages, seaside retreats for consumptives, etc.? Sorrow, with its chastening effect, is a different thing. We cannot eliminate sorrow from the consciousness of one who has lost his best loved; but we can, and Christ does, comfort the one who sorrows, as you have so beautifully shown. We can relieve suffering, and Jesus always did. What ground have we for thinking that it is ever beneficial or educational in itself? Is it not a danger signal, warning us of the consequences of disobedience to God's laws, and, if heeded, causing us to forsake the path of disobedience and return to the right relations with the will of the Father?

E. M. G.

[No doubt suffering may either harden or soften, injure or benefit, the character. Which it will do depends upon the way in which the suffering is taken. So food may aid health or bring disease; so schooling may furnish useful knowledge or equip for base and ignoble activities. What we do with our experiences, as what we do with our food and our scholarship, determines their effect upon us. Sometimes suffering is a danger signal, warning us of the consequences of disobedience of God's law. Not always; the suffering of Christ was not a warning to him, it was not the consequence of his disobedience of God's laws. When suffering comes upon us, we are to listen to its message and to learn its lesson. If we listen to its message and learn its lesson, we shall be better for its coming.—THE EDITORS.]

JOHN SMITH'S QUESTION AGAIN

I have just finished reading the interesting article in your issue of August 18 entitled "A Question." In it the writer makes just complaint concerning the teachers in colleges not knowing personally their students. The excuse given is that in the big universities there are too many students to be thus known by the professors. It may interest the writer and some of your readers that the late well-known Rev. Edward Thring, formerly head master of Uppingham School in England, made it a cardinal principle in his educational career that he should come in touch with every boy under him. To assure this, he, at great financial loss to himself, strictly limited the number of boys to about 330, although double that number could probably have been secured. As he received annually $25 capitation fees from each boy, the difference in his income would have been considerable. But he sacrificed this gain for principle, and imbued his under masters with the same spirit of self-sacrifice in the promotion of a high ideal. In that school every boy in some way or another came in personal contact with the head master. He knew his boys by name, and more or less of their individual characters. Thus each boy went out from that school bearing an impress from the hand of Edward Thring. I was there a little over three years, and though I was not one of the boarders in his house nor in the class, or form, as it was called, held by him, yet, by his periodic holding of recitations in the different forms of which I was a member, I thus came in touch with him. Besides this,

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his school sermons and his talks to the boys were on one constant theme, which by perpetual repetition he hammered into our minds—namely, that of true life. He held up this life as a life of righteousness, of unselfishness, of service, and having God for its final goal. I remember how one term, as he called up the various forms to recite to him, he told each one that a man who inherited £10,000 a year and did nothing but enjoy himself was worse than a beggar, because he was living on the proceeds of the labor of others without giving any adequate return. Of course this was strong meat for our boyish understandings, and it was largely discussed among the boys, the general sentiment being that "Teddy" was a little off. I can now see the truth and force of his statement, and no doubt the others do. He certainly often fired over our heads, but yet not without effect. He did not look for immediate results, but was content to sow in patience, knowing that some day there would be a harvest, whether he should see it or not. His is the true example for all teachers, whether in school or university. In fact, they are not teachers worth the name unless they teach as he did, by imparting not only his knowledge but himself.

UPTON H. GIBBS.

La Grande, Oregon.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE IN JAPAN

Perhaps it is not understood abroad why English—above all, the way in which English is taught—is of such great importance to Japan. This much every one of understanding must admit—that Japan has committed herself to the race for the same goal of civilization and learning that Western nations entered long ago. Now, while it seems true that she is becoming more and more like Germany in methods of government, it is Anglo-Saxon influence that moves her in literature, in commerce, and in morals. Again, while Germany is looked to by the universities, Japan turned to America for the framework of her primary, middle, and high school education. She knows that in great measure it is but framework that she borrowed; that the larger grasp and ideals are too often lacking, and, recognizing this, Japan would not be true to herself if she did not set about to comprehend *motif* as well as formula. She believes that it is through the English language itself, as a medium, that she must win at this point.

The assertion that English is the language of commerce needs no demonstration; but the power wielded by English literature as a spiritual factor is not usually recognized, apart from those writings classed as religious. To borrow an illustration used before, a teacher of English said to me, "You don't realize the far-reaching suggestions of a page in a common Reader. There is a description of a village, and the 'village spire' is mentioned—a thing unheard of by most Japanese boys and girls. The explanation of the page leads to a description of the church and the part it plays in the life of the community, and that to inquiries about Christianity." Now, religious teaching, as such, whether Shinto, Buddhist, or Christian in character, is forbidden in all Government schools; but this is a secularizing of schools adopted to solve a problem met in other lands. Outside of the school-room a teacher is untrammeled as regards his religious convictions. "Sensei" (honorable teacher), said some students to the above professor, "you always stop at the most interesting point and say, 'Here I enter the domain of religion;'" and so they followed him to his home to ask questions where he could answer freely.

This is a diversion from the main thought I have in mind. When the Government introduced a school system based on Anglo-Saxon methods of education, it engaged English and American instructors, and the comparatively few young men of the last generation who studied English had at least this advantage—that they usually got it at first hand from an English-speaking teacher; but as time went on and the study of English was made compulsory in the middle school and grades above, it was an absolute impossibility, from an economic standpoint alone, for the Government to employ a sufficient number of English-speaking teachers. The consequence is that, while there is a small percentage of good teaching done, there is a large proportion of it that is a travesty on the English language, obtained through instructors who themselves have it at second and third hand, and that through the poorest of methods. I have been speaking of boys only. Until recently the girls did not learn English outside of mission schools. Now it is required in the girls' high schools, which correspond in grade to the boys' middle school, and in some departments of the women's higher normal schools, corresponding with the lower grades of the boys' gymnasia. Women have for years taught in the primary school, and a fair percentage of the teachers of the girls' schools above the primary have been women; *i. e.*, in the Japanese branches. Now there is a sudden demand for more women teachers, and these of higher educational standing, and even teachers of English. There is just one girls' school in all Japan whose graduates in the English course are accepted as teachers of English without

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the further Government examinations hitherto exacted to obtain the certificate necessary for all teachers in Government schools. This privilege has been granted to Miss Tsuda's school by the Department of Education, on the ground of high standards well attained. No one looking from outside would suspect for a moment the toil and anxiety and incessant vigilance which have been required of the founder of the school to accomplish this. Those of us who have seen the beginnings and known the need and the laborious effort unremittingly demanded are alarmed lest the one woman who can best meet the exigencies of the higher education of Japanese women in English should be overtaxed beyond remedy.

The Girls' High Normal School in Tokyo is now reorganizing its department of English to meet advancing conditions, and it is doing this under a man well qualified for the task. Everywhere there is a hue and cry for better language methods, old ones having proved exasperating and too often ludicrous —rather methodless. It is not the Japanese alone who have been responsible for this. The teachers of mission schools have naturally made their teaching of English a groundwork for proselyting, and have themselves been all too unconscious of methods, falling short of a really great opportunity for culture and a larger influence. Here Miss Tsuda's foresight has availed much.

The narrowness which characterized educational circles ten or fifteen years ago (they were then singularly anti-Christian) has given way to a much broader spirit; but in the particular branch we are considering—*i.e.*, of language—there are few indeed capable of coping with the problems of the time upon the highest plane. In the coming generation elementary education will be reformed and the best given to the youngest pupils. Now the best that can be done is to educate teachers who will be satisfied only with high standards and a development of character, which has been threatened with degeneracy in the sudden relaxing of old ideals and a failure to grasp new ones in the daze of all the changes.

No one has felt this fact more strongly than Miss Tsuda, and as she wrestled with the puzzling and hampering conditions which beset her in her work in the Peeresses' School, the thought grew clearer and clearer that she could best serve her own generation and generations to come by training young women, under Christian influence and unfettered by the inelastic methods of the Government school, to be themselves teachers of advanced methods and noble ideals. Her plans could not have been put into effect had it not been for the sympathetic co-operation of college and other friends in America, whither she had gone as a child under unique circumstances.[1] These gave financial support for the small beginnings of Miss Tsuda's work, and have continued to aid her efforts. Japanese friends added the gift of a building, and both Japanese and foreign friends who have realized that Miss Tsuda is doing for Japanese women what no other woman can now do have promoted the interests of the school by devoting themselves to it by teaching for nominal sums or without any salary at all. In the five years which have elapsed since its founding the school has grown from fifteen to one hundred and thirty pupils; from a tiny rented building to good buildings and a good property, held through the kindness of friends until they can be cleared of debt. It has demonstrated the need of its existence and the fact that it meets this need so exceptionally well that it is setting the pace for other schools, and that many more applicants are pressing for admittance than the limited accommodations permit.

Among those who have generously given themselves to the school for a time are such women as Alice Mabel Bacon (author of "Japanese Girls and Women") and Anna C. Hartshorne. The latter wrote recently, on behalf of the school and of Japanese teachers whom she felt could ill afford to give their time and strength, so lightly rewarded, as their interest and sympathy prompted them to do: "The founders, while duly grateful for the help thus given, and while abundantly appreciating what has already been done, feel that the school, now having passed the experimental stage, should be put on a firmer foundation. Not only has it reached the limit of growth under its present resources, but these resources are uncertain and may not be relied upon. It is, moreover, unfair that the workers be not sufficiently remunerated. Higher education is nowhere self-supporting. To become a permanent institution capable of doing the work that lies at its doors, the Joshi Eigaku Juku has need of buildings free of expense; of the land adjoining the present school, without which it has no ground to enlarge on; a new dormitory; a good library and scholarship fund to aid needy students; and, lastly and chiefly, an endowment fund which will place the school

[1] Umé Tsuda was one of a group of five girl students sent to the United States in 1872. This was the first attempt of the Japanese Government to educate girls abroad, and they traveled under the care of Mrs. Delong, the wife of the American Minister to Japan. Umé Tsuda herself was but seven years of age—the youngest of the party, two other members of which became women of exceptional ability and usefulness—the Marchioness Oyama and Madame Uriu.

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on a permanent and safe foundation. The committee earnestly ask the friends of higher education for aid in meeting these needs."

Tokyo, Japan. MARY P. E. NITOBÉ.

THE AMERICAN HOME

What more useful endowment can be made than one for the protection and development of the American Family and Home? Yet among the many suggestions for the use of large sums of money I have not seen one for this object except in an editorial note in The Outlook of March 24, which said of the National League for the Protection of the Family, "Its quarter-century anniversary deserves to be marked by an endowment that shall make its continuance secure and its activity wider."

Whatever may be said of this particular society, there can be no doubt about the need of some one organization through which all can work for the maintenance and development of the American home. President Roosevelt has simply voiced the opinion of all thoughtful people when he says, "If we have solved every other problem in the wisest possible way, it shall profit us nothing if we have lost our National soul; and we will have lost it, if we do not have the question of the relations of the Family put upon the proper basis." For human society has risen or fallen with the rise or fall of the family.

Is it not remarkable that with all our varied forms of benevolence we have yet to see the first one for the endowment of work for the home? That such a use of money will be invaluable the work of the League clearly shows. The many improvements already made in our marriage and divorce laws, the advance of the movement for uniformity to the draft by commissions of the various States of a uniform divorce statute now being perfected, the awakening of the churches to their own duty to the home as a religious force and the invention of the Home Department of the Sunday-school (already with towards a half-million members), the interest in domestic science, and the growing sense of the place of the home in educational and philanthropic effort, have all been in no small degree either originated by this League or greatly stimulated by its work. And yet it has had but little over $2,000 a year for its support.

The ramifications of the influence of the home are as numerous as the interests of human society itself. Of indirect work for the home there is a great deal that is most valuable. But there should be more done directly for the home. To a dangerous degree work through other institutions for the home tends to weaken the interest in the home itself. Work for the home may conceal the need of work through the home and by it. And it is this recovery of the home to a sense of its own inalienable share in the work of church, school, and philanthropy that is the crying need of the American home to-day. A well-endowed, generously supported society devoted to the many and varied interests of the home would be both a great direct service to its interests, and, like other well-endowed societies, be in itself a constant witness to the value of the home as a social institution.

Who will be the first to lead in this important work? SAMUEL W. DIKE.

Auburndale, Massachusetts.

SOCIAL CHRISTIANITY

With my appreciation of your recent editorial on the Principles of the Pilgrims I wish to include a word of criticism. In speaking of the influence of the Old Testament over the institutions of early New England you referred to the New Testament as less concerned with the social order. It is true that Jesus and Paul in the Roman Empire had not the influence which men like Amos held in the Jewish State. For them to have spoken freely of the social wrongs of their time would have been both foolhardy and useless. But I believe that the Gospel has as direct application to the social order as did the Law and the Prophets. Paul's chapter on the relation of the body and the members is the best exposition we have of an ideal society. Many of Jesus' parables apply directly to the social order, and even to its economic bases. The first earthward petition of his model prayer was that God's will might be realized in a perfect human society. It is true that Jesus' teaching has never yet been applied thoroughly to any social institution except the family. But that is not the fault of the teaching, but the shame of the Church. Indeed, has not the time now come when we shall apply the social principles of the Gospel to an industrial and social order whose injustice grows more manifest each year, even as Calvin and his followers applied the Old Testament teaching to the life of their time? H. R. C.

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